The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVIII NO. 13 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1938 TEN CENTS A COPY

LYTTON STRACHEY *By George Dangerfield*

IN THIS ISSUE

ELMER DAVIS
Reviews "Saints in Summertime" by Brinckerhoff Jackson

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS
Reviews "What a University President Has Learned" by A. Lawrence Lowell

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Reviews "A Day of Battle" by Vincent Sheean

AMY LOVEMAN
Reviews "My Sister Eileen" by Ruth McKenney

CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "Persons and Periods" by G. D. H. Cole

EDITH HAMILTON
Reviews "The Complete Greek Drama"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Translations from the Chinese

Other Reviews by ROBERT DISRAELI, LOUIS UNTERMEYER, N. L. ROTHMAN

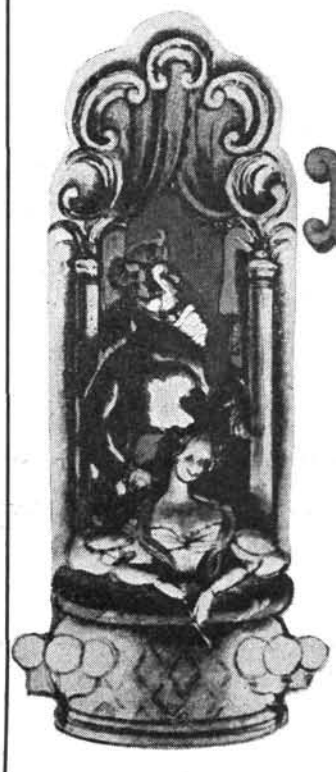
BRINCKERHOFF JACKSON

"A genuine novel of ideas . . . is curiously rare in an age overshadowed by ideas and their consequences" . . .

(See page 5)

BOOK PREVIEW: THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR *By Arthur E. Hertzler*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



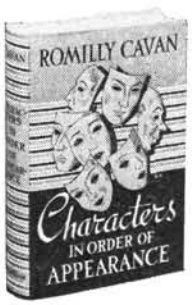
OLD MOTLEY

By

AUDREY LUCAS

A novel by the daughter of E. V. Lucas which, in vitality, colour and variety of picturesque incident, is everything any reader could desire. The scene is early nineteenth century London; the story is told in delightful prose. $2.50

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

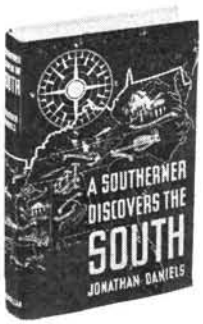


By
ROMILLY CAVAN

"A novel whose story seems so familiar, whose theme is so manifestly a living part of our times, that we wonder no one has thought of writing it before."—*New York Times* $2.50

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH

By
JONATHAN DANIELS



"Recommended to all who wish to understand the South's problems, but most happily designed for the hundreds of thousands who travel through."—*Henry Seidel Canby* $3.00

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY -:- NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lytton Strachey

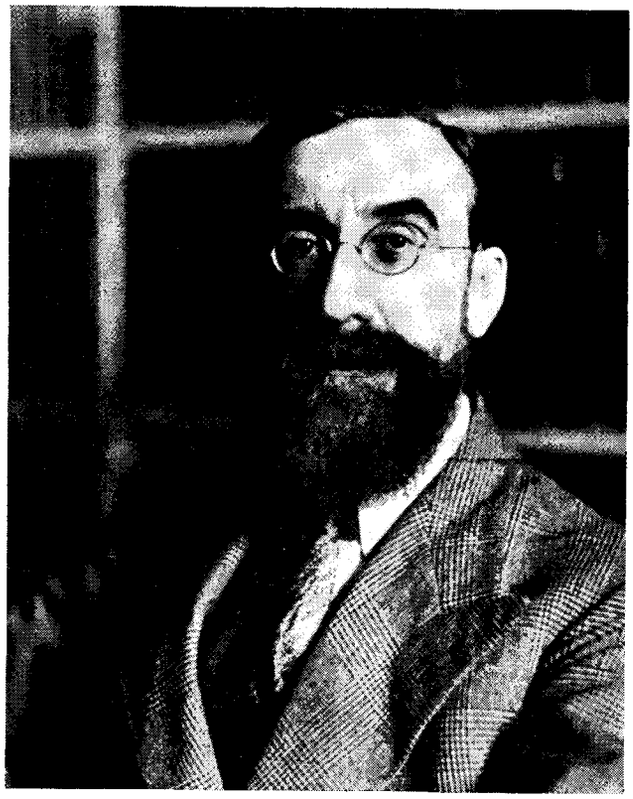
BY GEORGE DANGERFIELD

LYTTON STRACHEY died in 1932, and even then his reputation, for a brief while so bright, had begun to grow dim. Today his books are rarely mentioned without condescension. Writers, very minor writers, whose work is compared to his are apt to become uneasy; they feel that the critic has a joker up his sleeve. Nor is the suspicion an unreasonable one. For contemporary opinion regards him, if at all, as a kind of meteor, hurrying across the skies to extinction, and leaving behind it an unsavory smell — a smell, one might almost say if it were not paying the wretch too high a compliment, of sulphur.

His output, it is true, was small; and it is difficult to make a dent on one's successors, let alone on posterity, with anything less than a shelf-full of books. The quality of his disciples was also exiguous. It was mainly owing to their faithful reproduction of his defects that he is known as a man who peered under the sofas and poked into the closets of history, solely in order to discover the evidences of dust and moth. And he suffers from a more immediate disadvantage. Our tastes are very different from what they were ten years ago; our convictions are even more different; and we are not well disposed to a writer like Strachey, whose views on matters which we consider important either were not very important or did not exist at all.

None the less, he was by way of being a master of English prose, and such people—not always, but just occasionally —have a way of surviving their detractors.

You cannot read his "Landmarks in French Literature" or his Leslie Stephen Lecture on Pope without realizing that he could have made for himself, had he wished, an enviable reputation as a critic. But in the Lecture, delivered in 1925, the predominant characteristic of his thinking appeared—his interest was equally divided between the disorders of the poet and the order of his poetry. A biographer Strachey had to be, and it is as a biographer that he must be considered. Yet no biographer can avoid becoming, in some measure, an historian as well, particularly if he wanders in such problematical fields as the Age of Victoria and the Age of Elizabeth. In his preface to "Eminent Victorians," he seems not unwilling to claim for those biographical studies an historical value; and though the purely historical element in his three chief books is very secondary, none the less it is there. And it effects a certain relationship between himself and us.



Lytton Strachey: "When it came to stripping a character of his pretensions, his methods resembled those of the police . . ."

His own views on history and historians are set forth in "Portraits in Miniature" (1931), at the end of which is a series of six little essays on Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, and Creighton. Into each of the six essays his two mature preoccupations—psychology and diction—inevitably intrude: he is apt to judge an historian by his idiosyncrasies and his style. Nor is his conception of history as a whole any less literary. He considered it an Art; and the great historian was, in his opinion, an artist with a point of view.

An artist with a point of view! He may have felt that he need not apply the whole of this prescription to his own writings. He was only incidentally an historian. At the first glance, all that you can discover in his works is a posture, not a point of view. His attitude to the past was skeptical, anti-clerical, aristocratic. If the word had not been deprived by the passage of years of almost all significance, you might say that it was a *Whig* attitude; and it is well to remember that there was Whig blood in his veins, a persistent fluid. But, permeating and enriching this attitude of his, was another quality, a quality not Whig at all—a strange and powerful romanticism. His characters move against a background of hints, of half-statements, of swift exposures, of vistas suddenly illumined and as suddenly veiled. It is a background which piques the reader's curiosity and may even inspire him with a longing to know more.

I am not sure but that here we may detect at least the rudiments of a point of view. It might be clarified by considering the work of another writer, one who seems, on the surface, to be quite as literary in his conception of history as an Art—Mr. Philip Guedalla. Mr. Guedalla is a far riper historian than was Strachey; but he does not fill us with a longing to know more. The brilliant little needles of his perpetual epigrams prick the envelope of our curiosity until at last it subsides into utter deflation. Unless your interest in history is already an absorbing one, you will put down such a book as "The Hundred Years" with a sigh of repletion. It is just as though you had polished off a heaping plateful of Swedish hors

Next Week

LITERATURE WHERE THE TALL CORN GROWS
By WALLACE STEGNER

THE BRIDGE IN THE JUNGLE
By B. TRAVEN
Reviewed by Grace Flandrau

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

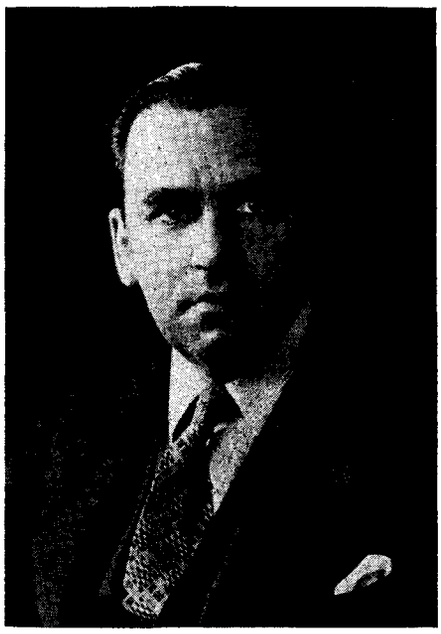
d'oeuvres—a feast, but a feast of kickshaws. And the fact is that, beneath his verbal provocations and his pictorial effects, Mr. Guedalla represents an academic rather than a literary tradition. On his mature brow there still glitter the laurels of a First in Modern History at Oxford. The academic tradition is, of course, a valuable one; but it has never been impressed by the popular movements of its day. It endeavors to induce a mental calm, not a spiritual enthusiasm. Written history, however, generally reveals a fundamental bias in the mind of the historian; and it is not surprising that Guedalla's point of view should express itself in a melodramatic opposition to anything which might, in these times, really be called progressive.

Strachey, too, was not progressive. The ends which he strove to attain were esthetic not ethical, and his interest in the future of mankind was a faint one. But he was not academic. In his romantic way he did introduce an element of surprise into all his historical excursions. He believed in the imaginative interpretation of history, and the imaginative intepretation of history, though it is often partial and distorted, is also alive. And it strikes deep.

Today, when the spirit of the pamphlet, no mean spirit, is entering once more into literature, when the historian is more and more obliged to create a new image of the past that shall explain and justify the passions of the present, there is still something to be learned from Strachey. For the pamphleteer is not academic, either. He thinks of history as a vehicle of persuasion; and unless he is an artist, unless he has in him an element of creative fantasy, the impression that he makes upon the public at large will be very slight. To whet the public appetite is his function, and it is a very important one, for it helps to bring about a confronting of the present with the past which is the essence of culture. That, oddly enough, seems to have been Strachey's point of view—that it was his business to whet the public appetite. As a point of view, to be sure, it did not include any particular interest in the public welfare; but that should not deter anyone from studying the methods by which he strove to express it. It is at this juncture that the historian gives way to the biographer.

> That is what I have aimed at in this book—to lay bare the facts of some cases, as I understand them, dispassionately, impartially, and without ulterior intention. To quote the words of a Master—"Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien; j'expose."

These are the concluding sentences of the Preface to "Eminent Victorians," and a reader who tackles this Preface, as readers will, last instead of first, might be



Philip Guedalla: "a far riper historian than was Strachey; but he does not fill us with a longing to know more. . . ."

forgiven for wondering whether they were not intended to precede another book. "Eminent Victorians" is neither dispassionate nor impartial. As for the words of the Master, it is just possible that some man, at some time, may have been able to live up to them. But one thing is certain: Strachey was not that man.

It is difficult to understand his biographical work without reviewing the circumstances in which it was written. "Eminent Victorians" ushered in a literary period which began with the end of one world war and ended with the beginning of another—or from 1918 to 1929. The representatives of this period were far from inconsiderable. Its poet was T. S. Eliot of "The Waste Land"; its tragedian was Aldous Huxley; its revolutionaries were D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce; and its prophet was Marcel Proust. It was a period of disillusion, and disillusion, though it cannot sustain the artist for very long, is a powerful stimulant for so long as it can provide sustenance. It produces a separation between art and life, in the sense that the artist's sole responsibility is held to be towards the former, while he regards the latter as so much crude material, to be thrown away as soon as it has been used. It is not surprising that the artists of that period, though they frequently disclaimed any specific hope for the future of the human race, should be, generally speaking, serious only about one another. They were introspective and romantic. They sometimes fancied themselves to be damned. It must have been a delicious sensation. For disillusion is itself a kind of illusion: it fills both the artist and the would-be artist with a high notion of his own unique importance. And it has its uses. Amidst the flood of nonsense which it encourages, it will also produce a small amount of art; along with the fearful verbiage of *transition,* it presents us with the magical prolixity of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

"Eminent Victorians" arrived in 1918. It was not an edifying book; it seemed to pull down so much more than it built up. It was just the stimulant for a world which—neurotic, undernourished, and bewildered—was eager to be shocked by anything that exploded only in the mind. Moreover, the younger generation, having just survived the slaughter, was very bitter towards its Victorian forbears who, it contended, despite their pompous self-dedication to the highest principles, had bequeathed to their successors nothing but ruin and death. Strachey may have been of the same opinion. But he was not a moralist. He did not propose to hold up the Victorians as an example of greed, hypocrisy, and—it was beginning to be a popular bugbear of a word just then—convention. They intrigued him. He perceived, as few others had at that time, that theirs was not simply an age of heavy meals, heavy furniture, heavy sins, and heavy sentiments. To his way of thinking, the human spirit, however gloomy the habiliments in which it chose to display itself, was capricious and volatile; and he felt that the Victorians, stripped of their extensive pretensions, might intrigue others as much as they had intrigued him. Anyhow, he was certain to create a tremendous row.

"Eminent Victorians" was his finest book. Even those whose age and upbringing most disposed them to condemn it, found themselves turning its pages with interest and not infrequently with mirth. Such an odd, original style! It was difficult to resist its sinuous paragraphs, its alternations of malice, admiration, and outrageous wit. But the irreverent author, half butterfly and half gadfly, with his masculine prose and his feminine insinuations—what sort of a man was he? They would not perceive that the butterfly had powerful wings and that the stinging-end of the gadfly was composed of steel. No doubt he delighted the young people; but, for themselves, they preferred to dismiss him as worthless, and to speculate in private on the awful possibility that Florence Nightingale might have had a demon and General Gordon a thirst.

There was some justice in this attitude. Strachey, as you have only to read his prose to discover, was something of a poet; but when it came to stripping a character of his pretensions, his methods

(*Continued on page* 16)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVIII, No. 13, July 23, 1938. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People Follow a Parade

SAINTS IN SUMMERTIME. By Brinckerhoff Jackson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE, masked by a title which fits the story but may mislead the reader into thinking it is just another tale of seduction at the seaside, is a genuine novel of ideas. The type is curiously rare in an age overshadowed by ideas and their consequences; but it demands (besides readers with a real interest in ideas, who are not so common as could be wished) an author who can grasp ideas and embody them in living characters. Mr. Brinckerhoff Jackson has that duplex talent, plus a contempt for popularity; his characters are mostly small-town people in Central Europe—faithfully observed and described, so far as this reviewer's knowledge of Central Europe goes—but mostly provincial and rather dull; and he devotes his first hundred pages to the exact transcription of the stuffy life of a stuffy man, perhaps in the hope of warning the average reader that this is no book for him.

Indeed it is not; but people with a genuine taste for ideas, not merely for missionary tracts that give our side all the breaks, will be delighted by this dramatization — highly intelligent, and spiced with ironic comedy—of the great conflict of our times. Not merely between fascism and liberalism, between the independent individual and the cell in a disciplined organism, but the more fundamental conflict between rationality and emotional romanticism. The eighteenth century thought it had won that battle, but presently discovered that reason and enlightenment was a diet too lacking in vitamins for the original Adam; the early years of the twentieth seemed to have won over not only Adam but Eve to the side of reason, but something happened to that synthesis too; and Mr. Jackson—perhaps tilting the scales a little unfairly—will tell you why.

His story is set in a country which might be a smaller, simplified Czechoslovakia with no race problem, a country ruled by enlightened humanitarian principles. Dr. Westerling, liberal journalist whose private as well as his public life is governed by those principles, goes to spend the summer with his wife's family in a small town. He is annoyed by his mother-in-law's devotion to the legend of St. Bernardinus, the local martyr; and then startled by old Mrs. Rudisch's defense, her argument for the superiority of emotion, even of shock, to reason and enlightenment as a motive force.

Then it seems that Mrs. Rudisch's daughter rather shares her views; she has fallen in love with a local fascist and expects her husband to do something about it—either to beat her or forgive her, but at any rate to create some excitement; which his principles unfortunately forbid. . . . And meanwhile there has come out from the city one Barfus, a communist devoted for the moment to the United Front, who throws himself into the campaign for the local liberal candidate, and demonstrates that even liberalism goes better if it has a martyr.

All this is funny—and would be funnier if it were only a history of old, unhappy, far-off things; if it were not happening now. Sophie Westerling's fascist lover sniffs at the sort of heaven on earth that men like her husband are trying to create — "the good citizens and family men, the honest, gentle, hard-working men who can look a policeman in the eye." To him it looks like "a vast garden suburb, peopled with practical idealists, schoolteachers, journalists, reformers; everyone his neighbor's settlement worker," with none of "the old terrors and exaltation." Fascism, to be sure, seems able to provide not only the exaltation but the terrors; and the emotional heroics to which it appeals will endure, says another character, because they are "the work of man not at his best but at his most typical. The vegetarian crew may scoff to their dying day, but people will still follow a parade."

These of course are views of characters, not necessarily of the author. Mr. Jackson seems inclined in general to the anti-intellectual side, but maybe his objection is only to the type of good citizen who makes virtue dull. Liberal intellectualism bored Sophie Westerling, but it made her too critical to swallow fascism even when she fell in love with a fascist; the adultery scenes are essential to the plot and an anti-intellectualist author might have made much of them, but Mr. Jackson hurries past them with a distaste worthy of the oldest member of the City Club. Westerling, true to his principles, is left with no solace but his own self-esteem; but his fellow-liberal Ludl regains his wife's love by beating up her lover. So perhaps the moral is only that enlightened humanitarianism must learn to pack a punch.

A book for a limited public, people of peculiar tastes; but if you belong to that group, you mustn't miss it.

A Laugh on Every Page

MY SISTER EILEEN. By Ruth McKenney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

WE have all of us encountered conversationalists who have the happy faculty of turning the smallest happenings into adventure of exciting or hilarious sort. Miss McKenney is such a conversationalist at her best, for the incidents which assume such entertaining guise in her reminiscences of her sister and herself lie within the experience of every one of us and are the more delightful because they might have been our own. But Miss McKenney recounts them with a grace that is rare in extracting from the commonplace the dramatic and from the habitual the humorous. Here in these sketches reprinted from *The New Yorker* are the amusing reactions of two little girls, together with the no less diverting adventures of those girls grown older, told with a gusto, a verve, and a sense of fun that are entirely captivating.

Here are two little girls deliciously sobbing their hearts out at the movies, holding their round hats before their faces to shut out the tragic moments of the picture, and sitting the performance three times through to get the drift of the story without its agony. Or here they are again innocently scandalizing the neighbors by burying a doll on Good Friday in the hope of seeing it rise from the grave on Sunday, or surreptitiously reading Michael Arlen while they "minded" babies whose parents were playing bridge, or following with breathless interest and complete puzzlement the serial in a Cleveland daily which rocked the city's pulpits with indignation. And here they are grown up, interviewing young Winston Churchill or entertaining the Brazilian Navy. To be appreciated they must be met in Miss McKenney's gay sketches. There's a laugh on every page of them.

Eric Schaal

Ruth McKenney

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advice to College Presidents

WHAT A UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT HAS LEARNED. By A. Lawrence Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

MR. LOWELL was president of Harvard for twenty-four years. The period was one of the most interesting and important in the history of higher education. When Mr. Lowell publishes a book under the title "What a University President Has Learned," he must arouse excitement in the breasts of those who are concerned with universities.

In this setting the book is a disappointment. Mr. Lowell does not reveal much of what he has learned. Some of it he has revealed before. And though his style is always distinguished and his historical analogies impressive, the advice he gives university administrators is of uneven quality.

The book consists of six chapters and two appendices. One appendix has nothing to do with universities, except that it is an address at the Harvard Tercentenary. The other is Mr. Lowell's declaration on academic freedom, published in his annual report for 1916-17. Since this is without question the best expression on this subject that has appeared in this country, the publication of the present volume is justified; it makes this historic statement generally available.

In discussing academic freedom briefly in the first of his six chapters Mr. Lowell borders on the dangerous. He says:

> Now, among their many qualities, otherwise excellent, scholars occasionally tend to be mischief makers. . . . Such men may be conservative or radical, though they are usually extreme in some direction, and the objection to them is not on account of their views, but because their idea of lubricating machinery is to throw a monkey wrench into it. It is no breach of academic freedom to avoid appointing such men; though once on the ladder any failure to promote them is quickly regarded as such.

It is certainly true that some scholars tend to be mischief makers and that any failure to promote them is likely to be regarded as a breach of academic freedom. It is even true that avoiding the appointment of such men in the first instance is no breach of academic freedom. It has nothing to do with it. The question is not one of academic freedom, but of the method of building up a university. If a man is first-rate in his field, if in terms of scholarly and teaching ability alone he is the man the university needs, then his tendency to cause trouble should not disqualify him any more than his political or economic opinions.

Any other view than this will lead to the deterioration of the university. The recommending and appointing officers will widen the definition of mischief maker until anybody who disagrees with them will be included in that class. The university will be harmonious; but it will be second-rate.

The best man in his field must always be appointed. Some other devices must be hit on to thwart mischief makers. If they cannot be hit on, the administration must simply bear with obstructive elements. It is part (and a large part) of the price an administration must pay for a great university.

Mr. Lowell is admirable on the necessity of having an idea, plan, and pattern. Unless an administrator has some notion of the end he is seeking, he cannot know where to begin or how to appraise the variety of details that he deals with every day. This truth must have dawned on most administrators. What they may not yet have discovered is the idea, plan, or pattern they should have in mind. Here Mr. Lowell will not help them. He does not say. He warns that catch-words will be used against the administrator with a plan, saying, "We hear that something is undemocratic, and therefore objectionable; when in fact the term has to the person using it in that connection no definite meaning, and the proposal itself no relation whatever with democracy in any real sense of the term." He advises the President to retain the initiative in his own hands, but does not say how he can do it when he may have no constitutional privilege of doing it and when faculties are notoriously resentful of "leadership." He suggests that the President should never feel hurried or tired. But this must surely be an unattainable ideal in an environment in which a university president is expected to have all the qualities and perform all the duties of a trained seal, a foreign diplomat, an advertising man, a political leader, an educational statesman, a business executive, a traveling salesman, a matinee idol, a chautauqua lecturer, and a high priest.

Sherry, Brookline
A. Lawrence Lowell

Most university presidents know, as Mr. Lowell tells them, that they ought to take time to think. But the difficulty is not, as Mr. Lowell seems to suppose, their preoccupation with routine. It is the pressure they are under. Perhaps the publication of Mr. Lowell's book may do something to induce the public, the students, the trustees, the professors, and the alumni to take the pressure off.

Mr. Lowell's administrative advice has a slightly Machiavellian flavor. He says the administrator must have a plan, but must beware of explaining it. To be sure, he ought never to misinform or mislead the people whose help he needs, and should tell them all that is in his mind, if he can. But Mr. Lowell is at some pains to show that he seldom can. Of course, no "honest man would intentionally pass for what he is not"; but if an administrator "desires to innovate he will be greatly helped by having the reputation of being conservative, because the radicals who want a change are little offended by the fact of change, while the conservatives will be likely to follow him because they look on him as sharing their temperament and point of view. The converse is also true, and for the same reason: a radical can resist change with comparatively small complaint from his fellow reds, while the conservatives find little to charge him with."

The most common accusation against university presidents is that they are liars. Although this reputation is inevitable, for university presidents spend a large part of their time in advertising to the public and in making promises to the faculty, it would be too bad if they all set out deliberately to deserve it. A politician feels that he cannot tell what is in his mind during a campaign. Must university presidents be politicians? A university president who tries candor may fail, but isn't it better for him to try it and fail rather than to assist in turning a community of scholars into a fractious aggregation who can be led, if at all, only by artful maneuvers? As Mr. Lowell says in another connection:

> Where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding? Surely it should be where the pressure of interests is lowest, where passions should be least inflamed, where men are most free to think and write their own thoughts, where the anxieties of the present do not exclude the contemplation of the past and drawing therefrom the horoscope of the possibilities of the future. These conditions ought to be most nearly fulfilled in our universities, colleges and other seats of higher learning. . . .

A Machiavellian administrative policy would seem unsuited to the achievement of these ideals.

A somewhat similar inconsistency appears in Mr. Lowell's discussion of utility in education. He has some trenchant things to say of those who ignore discipline, language, the classics, and great books because they want education to be immediately useful. It is surprising, therefore, to find him arguing that students should try for high marks because those who get them make more money than those who receive lower grades. If we once admit that the object of education is to help students make money, or indeed that education has anything to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do with making money, we are lost. We shall then be reduced to preferring one curriculum to another on the ground that those who have been through it will make more money than those who have not. It may very well be that a curriculum specifically designed to teach students to want and to achieve financial success will produce financial successes. Although Mr. Lowell would probably not favor such a course of study, his own criterion of a successful education would make it difficult for him to oppose it.

Throughout the book are much good sense and many excellent phrases. Mr. Lowell points out that education is an active process, and tells the story of Professor William B. Munro's effort to get his students to read Adam Smith. One member of the class explained to Mr. Munro that since he received a salary for reading such treatises and telling the students what they contained, he had no business to make them read the books themselves. Mr. Lowell makes a strong case against slowing down education and in favor of admitting students to college at an earlier age. He takes a well-deserved crack at the Master's degree and at the accumulation of credits and courses as the method of achieving education. One of his statements on the ends of education should be carved over the door of at least one building in every college and university:

> Now one of the objects of a liberal college is to give the students knowledge and respect for things of which the value is enduring, and has endured; for throughout all the varieties in form and method much remains the same in basic principles, and to explore the foundations reveals many things not seen above the surface. It is the deeper truths, the underlying ideas, that illuminate current changes, and explain the long struggle of man. . . . As things pass away much that remains beneath them stays unchanged, and to know that remnant and the forms to which it has given birth is the basis of true enlightenment.

Robert M. Hutchins is president of the University of Chicago.

Victory at Fontenoy

A DAY OF BATTLE. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the
English column failed
And twice the heights of Mont St. Jean
the Dutch in vain assailed . . .

SO runs the tried old recitation-piece that young Americans used to spout. But Mr. Sheean's agreeable and swiftly-moving novel is not concerned alone with the deeds of the Irish brigade. He treats the battle as a temporary victory of lost causes—the French imperialism already once halted by Marlborough; the Jacobite cause and its Bonnie Prince Charlie, so fatally near Culloden—all the scale of the balance that seemed to dip against the rising power of England for the moment and did not dip in the end. More important, perhaps, for the reader, he fills his canvas vividly. Here are the Irish and the Scots—Clare's Men and Dillon's and Lally's; here is a young spark of the household cavalry; the disillusioned, mannerly Richelieu; the King himself ceremonially present and yet unable to do anything except not to run away, as the day wears and the fate grows doubtful. And here at Etioles—for the story shifts—is the pretty tax-collector's daughter so soon to be Marquise de Pompadour, spending a slightly edgy weekend as hostess to Voltaire and the Abbé de Bernis.

"It is the huge, dropsical figure of Maurice de Saxe, sweating with pain and grimly intent upon victory, that dominates his tale. . . ." (From the jacket design of "A Day of Battle.")

Mr. Sheean moves skillfully among his various characters—we learn what the French thought of the Irish and the Irish thought of the French—what the King felt and the Marquis d'Argenson speculated and Voltaire and de Bernis talked about in the garden at Etioles. But it is the huge, dropsical figure of Maurice de Saxe, sweating with pain and grimly intent upon victory, that dominates his tale. Whenever he comes into the book, energy comes into it, and into the writing. A king's bastard, a crownless adventurer, a military genius who at forty-nine had yet to win a great battle, and who mastered not only the English but his own rebellious body to achieve it—if, now and again, Mr. Sheean's account of him reminds us just a little of Porthos, nevertheless he lives and breathes and moves. It is a brilliant study of a fascinating figure.

There are criticisms to be made. The young juvenile, Mezieres, remains, I fear, a young juvenile in spite of the hard work Mr. Sheean has put on him—and there is a little too much of the chit-chat at Etioles. It is always a privilege, of course, to listen to M. de Voltaire—but not just at the moment when we are wondering if the English infantry will ever be broken. But the battle itself—and its aftermath—are clearly and vividly described, the various minor characters play their parts, the Marquis d'Argenson has an appropriately philosophic conclusion. But "in prayers and in silence, for they were sick and sore and had lost many men, the Irish prepared to sleep." It is the Irish—and the giant, painful bulk of Maurice de Saxe—that stick in the memory.

Stephen Vincent Benét, author of "John Brown's Body," recently published a collection of short stories, "Thirteen O'Clock." His latest book is "Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer."

The Unextinguished

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

CLOUDS glow like coals just fresh from fire, a flare
Of western light leaps with intenser blaze
To conflagration in the upper air.
All distant shapes turn brighter to the gaze.

The fire of heaven dies; a fire unseen
Diminishes to fitful flame in sleep:
The spark of being, smothered by the screen
Of flesh, burns backward to a blackened heap.

But morning light comes tapping at the lid,
Breaks up the crust of cinders that remain,
And pokes the crumbled coal the ashes hid,
Until thought crackles white across the brain.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1938, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Ampersands across the Sea

ONE of those little spates of topical letter-writing to which English journalism is particularly subject has been purling none too merrily through the pages of the *Times Literary Supplement* of recent weeks. The issue was precipitated, out of a clear sky, by Dr. M. F. Ashley-Montagu of New York, who declared it as his opinion that even before the influence of the "private press" (his or the *T.L.S.*'s quotes) had made itself apparent on English book production, English books were better fashioned than books produced elsewhere. "American books in particular," he specified, "compared very unfavorably with English." But "the quality of book production in America has, within the last half-dozen years, improved to such a degree that today it far surpasses that of the products of all but a few English publishers." The English "private press" has become a greater influence in America than it is in England. In sum, "the average American book is from every point of view superior to the average English example of bookmaking."

Here was dogmatism with a vengeance. An aroused opposition sprang to the colors, and, led by Holbrook Jackson, sagacious and thorough anatomist of bibliomania (Dr. Ashley-Montagu is a simon-pure anatomist himself), denied the charges in series and in multiple. Then, as usually happens in chain correspondence, the original issue was speedily obscured in a clutter of tangential irrelevancies, and readers of the *T.L.S.* were titillated to find William Maxwell of the house of R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh, at mild odds with Mr. Jackson "when he says that the influence of the private presses in English is negligible," and Mr. Jackson, alert to this tergal thrust, attempting with considerable success to bring his "sidetracked" defense of the printing of English books "into position again."

Now while any generality in a discussion that revolves around the sharp axis of applied esthetics is bound to be either untenable or at least improvable, one must none the less dare to advance the proposition that in the competent design of books for general circulation (as opposed to bibelots of a high degree of decor but stringently circumscribed issue), England is ahead of America. This certainly is the consensus of best-informed opinion on this side, and if it be treason, the only thing to do is to keep on keeping on. The need of the moment here seems to be a conviction that good book design must be directed not over, but squarely at, the heads of the literate multitude. The trend is already noticeably and gratifyingly in that direction.

The private press has probably exercised a greater influence on design in England than it has in America, if only because there are more small presses in England—and while "small" and "private" are not precise synonyms, each may here serve as a catch-as-catch-can definition of the other. Not only that, but the small English presses have larger followings, individually and collectively, and therefore more people in England talk about fine printing (which has nothing in common with fine writing), and therefore more fine printing is known to more people and to more publishers (who are also people) and gets into more books.

English book-designers tend to adhere more closely, though by no means slavishly, to tradition than do ours; American designers, though by no means insensitive to the tug of the same tether, are more prone to experiment. And while experiment necessarily implies trial and error, it can produce triumphs of craftsmanship which come themselves to be accepted as traditional forms. Obviously this interplay of national characteristics, this push and pull of strict and liberal construction of the canons of sound book design, operates ultimately to the benefit of the reader, English and American alike. And French and German and Hottentot too, for that matter.

Of high encouragement is the fact, true on both sides of the Atlantic but truer at the moment in England (which, after all, has been printing books nearly two centuries longer than we have), that the well-planned book is coming to be taken not (save the mark) for granted, but at any rate as an orthodox phenomenon. Frederic Melcher of the *Publishers' Weekly* recalls a recent luncheon in London with Oliver Simon and Francis Meynell at which those two masters of design spoke of the thrill that was wont to electrify the publishing cosmos twenty years ago when a finely-fashioned book made an unobtrusive appearance—how A would telephone B, B call C, and C bear the good news to D and E, until the whole town was in a dither of glad excitement.

We may lead England in the durability of our books—a statement that should be capable of proof if an exploratory group of readers would put it to the test. "The whole spirit of the age," wrote Harry Miller Lydenberg in an early *Colophon*, "looks to frequent renewals of clothing, furniture, automobiles, books"—and, as director of the New York Public Library, Mr. Lydenberg himself has unbudgeable statistics on the turnover in books. We who buy books to grace our private shelves expect them to survive indefinitely the common hazards of existence, reading included. We have never been in the way of adopting the slogan evolved by a New York bookseller a few years ago (and immediately suppressed following consultation with some of his fellows): "A book worth reading twice is worth buying twice."

England favors a less substantial outer accoutrement, a thicker, clumsier paper in the ordinary twelvemo (*Anglice* crown octavo) novel. The paper in the usual English novel of modest length contains a high proportion of esparto grass—an ingredient which, since its most favored habitat is Spain, may be losing favor. Much of the relative lack of sturdiness of English books certainly stems from economies which had to be practised during the war, when such tonnage as sought to elude the submarine had to be devoted to commodities other than paper, and when such paper as got through was apt to be regarded as itself a potential engine of destruction. An English imprint of 1917 is likely to be as vivid an example of the horrors of war as a collection of realistic photographs from the front. Bulky paper solely for the bulk's sake is coming to be frowned on in this country even by the least technically-equipped reader, who sees it for the stuffing it is.

The spirit of utilitarian comeliness has touched the entire publishing field, and has reached, at the last, the text-book (which is exactly where, in a perfect world, it would have started). Here, in the view of authorities (home-grown authorities, it must be admitted), America is asserting an ungainsayable leadership. Recently a hundred men and women attended a text-book clinic in New York and saw as well as heard of developments which within a few months will be a quickening force in the most elementary phase of our cultural background.

All in all, the outlook for good bookmaking is heartening, and not the least agreeable aspect of it is the fact that, despite the mild seismic disturbances in the correspondence columns of the *Times Literary Supplement*, international rivalry is not at issue. Book design is a universal, not a folk art. The eagle has no call to scream or the lion to roar, and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Hull are involved only as readers of books in English.

JOHN T. WINTERICH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *States and Libraries; Picking Popular Fiction*

Libraries in Maine

SIR:—For some time Old Q.'s hebdominal discursions have brought me a genuine pleasure, and invariably his column, with its gentle, humorous astringency, is the first to receive my attention in *The Saturday Review*.

Now, however, he has let me down! One would expect such a scribe to verify facts before printing them and yet I read, with unconcealed dismay, "Massachusetts and Delaware are the only two states that provide public library service for their entire population."

If he means that each town in these states has a public library, why be ambiguous? Why not say just that? But *do* the states themselves provide this? And what about stray rural families? Or don't these states boast a rural population? If you mean, as the above announcement indicates, that every citizen in these two states *only* is afforded public library service, then Old Q., I am thoroughly ashamed and disappointed, of you and for you.

Don't you know that Maine's State Library offers to every resident of the state a public library service: including fiction, non-fiction, research facilities, legislative, legal and genealogical reference, a newspaper clipping bureau, and all the other services which a public library performs? In addition, Maine's citizens are proud of, and really use, this service! Possibly other states are not so backward as you think.

HILDA MCLEOD.

Augusta, Maine.

(Old Q. is sorry if he gave currency to any inaccuracy or confusion. He was quoting directly from a bulletin sent out by the University of Chicago Press.)

E. H. Young

SIR:—In "Lament for the British Novel" have you overlooked E. H. Young, author of the recent novel "Celia" and of a half dozen previous ones? I hope it is only an oversight that she was not mentioned. I find her so thoroughly satisfying—as a story-teller, as a true delineator of character, a humorist and psychologist. Her writing, in my opinion, far excels G. B. Stern's and Winifred Holtby's.

MARY GORHAM.

New York City.

Mr. O'Brien's Defense

SIR:—I read Mr. Freitag's and Mr. Hubbell's replies to Mr. Chenery's article with interest. I, however, think that the best defense was made by Mr. O'Brien himself in the preface to his 1937 edition. Here he pointed out that the poor quality of stories in large circulation magazines is to be blamed on their editors rather than on the taste of the public. He proves this by pointing out that the very authors ignored by these editors are wooed by Hollywood. He also points out that conditions were not always as today. During Arthur T. Vance's editorship of *The Pictorial Review* there was scarcely an issue without stories by such authors as Wilbur Daniel Steele, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Stacy Aumonier, and May Sinclair. He admits that Mr. Vance would probably not want stories by Sherwood Anderson or Ernest Hemingway but would no doubt welcome stories by such an author as Tess Slesinger. He concluded his preface by asking the editors of large circulation magazines to take this as a hint. Apparently they have not done so.

I should like to dispute Mr. Hubbell's contention that advertising is the villain of the piece. Few magazines carry more advertising than *Esquire*, and yet Mr. O'Brien credited *Esquire* with publishing a larger number of distinctive stories than any other magazine.

A. NATHANIEL BOWLER.

Boston, Mass.

(Considering that authors "wooed by Hollywood" are often reported forgotten when they arrive there—cf. "Once in a Lifetime" et al.—Mr. Bowler's statement is open to argument. Also, what he says about the kind of authors who contribute to popular magazines could be corrected by the record.—Ed.)

"Darling, have you a stream of consciousness?"

Quality

SIR:—In regard to short stories in popular magazines of enormous circulation, does not "popular" in this expression oddly enough retain its original meaning? The people with its perennial frankness has itself set down a primary objection to these stories: they are "popular." The mass of the population does not read them as literature, nor suppose they are. Only college students enjoy that delusion. Does Hollywood insist its original films are comparable to the best of Congreve, Becque, or Behrman? I don't believe it.

The stories eulogized by Mr. Chenery do not have the self-imposed mark of quality. He says this arraignment is a matter of taste. Is the pleasure men discover in quality as variable as he implies? Is quality just a recognition of our personal brand of sophistication, or does it reside in the artist's creation? Men need time and a willing spirit to acquire a taste for the unfamiliar good, but there is far more agreement than discord about excellence. Quality in fiction is missed at least by those experienced readers who have a feeling of shame when they realize that the interest of a story was all that enticed them to pursue the fictional fox to the end of the chase and the kill.

The stories one finds in "mass production magazines," as Mr. Chenery might wish to describe them, lack the substance of fact. They are not about the world one knows. The people in them are first cousins to the lovers of current songs, the mothers of mountain ballads, the illustrations for the story. One cannot say life is like that.

GEORGE A. UNDERWOOD.

Greensboro, N. C.

Point

SIR:—I like the modern spirit of *The Saturday Review*. Especially do I like some of its subtle touches of humor. Perhaps one case in the July 2 number is unintentional, but it makes its point just the same. On page three, under the heading *Next Week*, were listed titles of two books to be reviewed: "Brass Tacks" and "Sit Down with John L. Lewis."

The juxtaposition of the above of course would destroy the point, or would it sharpen it?

STUART P. ARMSTRONG.

Ripley, West Va.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Translations from the Chinese

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Where the Trouble Began

I ALSO (said the Old Mandarin)
Would as lief laugh and loaf
But I'd keep more quiet about it.
The people who really wrecked your civilization
Were those who wrote the Social Columns
In the newspapers.

Escape from Reality

The freshcut grass was as sweet as cinnamon.
Moonlight and Rum Collins and something by Lentheric
Must have made the sage communicative,
For next morning he asked Poo Pitty Sing:
Did I talk under the ether?

Toothpaste for Serpents

He reproached the overindulgent parent:
You are like that nature lover
Who always put sugar in the birdbath
So that every robin in the neighborhood
Suffers with diabetes.

Hanker to Windward

Going down to the train at Penn Station
I saw a suitcase with a familiar little label:
G.W.R.—Paddington
And it made me homesick
For the smell of a Cunard smokeroom.

Mongolian Proverbs

He is a good writer: the edge of his table is shiny.

* * *

Life has no secrets from the laundress.

* * *

Fifty per cent of the world are women: but they always seem a novelty.

* * *

Nothing is fool-proof when you have a museum-piece fool.

* * *

No one is shocked by a dictionary.

* * *

Bowels of compassion need no laxative.

Inscription for a Sun-Dial

Poetry is the shady sector
Between True North and Magnetic North
Lit never by the sun
But only by the moon—
Gnomon's Land.

Sprung Rhythm

Writing a sonnet
Is like stringing a tennis racquet:
Don't draw the lines too tight at first,
The weather may turn damp.

Interoffice Memorandum

Whenever I call
My friend the Mortician
I always Reverse Charges
For I know he'll even up
In the end.

Secret Sin

At the office, on Wednesday afternoons,
He hears the deep voice of *Queen Mary* sailing,
The very bottom of the diapason.
He murmurs to himself.
(Fearing to be overheard)
Just above the timbre line.

Corruption

One might expect the reading public
To be so completely debauched
By the hysteria, triviality, and spurious intimacies
(Babs, Big Jim, Der Moxie)
Of the afternoon papers
That there would no longer
Be Taste or Manners left.
The only just conclusion
Is that by noontime, every day,
Men are inured and annealed
And nothing matters further.

Cry of Anguish

The British have a strong taboo
On the innocent word *stomach*
Yet I wonder if they know
How one revolts from their playful and horrible euphuism
Tummy.

No Soda, No Ice

Colitis can be cured
By whiskey and tap-water
But perhaps it's as well
Most people don't know this.

Bonehead Tower

I like things literal (said the man of affairs);
I don't care for symbolism.
At the same time he pulled from his pocket
A handful of coins:
Aquiline quarters, fascist dimes,
A Liberty half-dollar and Lincoln pennies,
And the nickel with the Indian as shrewd as Voltaire,
The buffalo profile as noble as Socrates—
(The good old nickel of profane utility
Which omits *In God We Trust*).
Each of these an emblem, a microcosm
Of history and trouble.
He chose one, went toward a cupboard
Which he identified by a blue bell
And innocently repeated:
No, I don't care for symbolism.

Unpopular Front

Circulars kept asking him
To support the Popular Front in All Countries.
But it's my job, he reflected sadly,
To support the Most Unpopular Front in the world—
The Front (or forehead) behind which
I try to do my own thinking
And not be stampeded by anyone.

For Whom It May Concern

When is an Idealist not an Idealist?
When he supposes no one else is an Idealist
Unless that other speaks some special dialect
Of Idealism.

Anthologies of the Future

How surprised they'll be (the retarded editors)
When they learn who were the real poets
Of our gorgeous time.
I weary of the set-pieces and literary pinwheels
Endlessly reprinted and acclaimed.
Maybe the great poets are the men in tin hats
Excaving the Sixth Avenue subway
And keeping the street (and the L over that)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Running with daily traffic.
Or the steelworkers of the American Bridge Co.,
Under the curving girders of their perisphere.
These are poets too; as Spender said
"They left the vivid air signed with their honor."
I don't have to go to books to find poetry:
I see the jaded loins that hunt the end seat in the subway;
The catbird in her bathing pan;
And, mummied in dust of gold,
The dead moth on my table.
The carpenter who built this table
Did a better poem
Than anything written on it.

Picture-Making

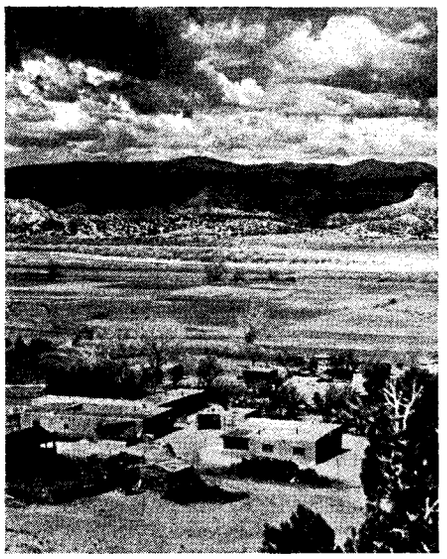
THE FUN OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Mario and Mabel Scacheri. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT DISRAELI

WE certainly would have studied this book twenty years ago and thereby avoided many mistakes and fumbles during our neophytic days of camera work. But alas! such books were not printed then.

In our milk and mush stage of photography, three types of books for photographers were published. There was the elementary technical book for the amateur, written evidently by publicity men for camera manufacturers, who guaranteed that if you followed their instructions there would always be something on the negative. The chief lessons of these books were that you must always have the sun over your shoulder when clicking the shutter and if you approach an object nearer than six feet it will be out of focus. The second type of book prevalent in those days and still too prevalent

Photomontage—"Swing It . . . Opposed lines give energy and pattern to the picture. . . ." (Pictures and captions from "The Fun of Photography.")



"This picture says that the Pueblo Indians lived an ordered, serene life. . . . It makes its point . . . in spite of unsound composition."

today was the highly intricate gadgeteer book. It detailed precisely, with diagrams and formulas, what happened when you used a thousand different lenses with a thousand different cameras. This appealed mostly to that rare bird and pest, the philosopher of the technique of the camera. A third type was the esthetic, mooning, arty book on photography. Photography was an ART that required for its lofty cause the dignity of grey beards.

Here then is the fourth and newest type of photographic book: "The Fun of Photography." It is a happy book, written gaily and instructively. It makes no pretenses, and tells the amateur not how to *take* pictures, but how to *make* them,—the difference between clicking a shutter and knowing what you want.

The authors plunge immediately, at the crack of the pistol, into the problems of photographic composition. They do not tell you about it, but actually take your hand and lead you to a farm, to a night club, to a street market, and they show you that composition is primarily a simplification of the subject to be photographed.

A chapter on portraiture pithily takes the veil of mystery off that subject. The chapter on candid photography reveals a dark secret to the amateur that candid shots are normally not so candidly made, that a really good candid shot requires more than a miniature camera and fast pan film. The simple instructions for enlarging, plain and fancy, are excellent. A few developing formulas are given—sufficient for anyone. Among the many other subjects about which the authors write is a chapter devoted to your vacation and what to do about it. An illustrated treatise on selling pictures closes the book.

If you are tired of getting uninteresting pictures of Aunt Susan, better yet, if you are tired of shooting Aunt Susan, put your three-fifty on "The Fun of Photography" and come home a winner.

The Essays of an English Liberal

PERSONS AND PERIODS. By G. D. H. Cole. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

DIMINISHING returns must have begun conspicuously in the choice of titles for collected papers when a man as ingenious as Mr. G. D. H. Cole—in collaboration with his wife he is the author of several first-rate detective stories—has to content himself with a title like "Persons and Periods" when he is getting together some odds and ends for publication. Perhaps shortly some clever person will give up, and publish a book unblushingly and accurately called "Collected Papers." Mr. Cole is in this volume mainly concerned with economic and social history and theory in England from Defoe to the Webbs. Defoe, Cobbett, Robert Owen, Rousseau, Marx, William Morris, Henry Ford, and the Webbs are his "Persons," and they occupy about two-thirds of his book. Essays on towns in eighteenth century England, on London's place in English economy for the last two centuries, on land and water transportation in eighteenth century England, and on legislation against radical activities in England just after the French revolution, are his "Periods." The papers here reprinted are, then, broadly in the fields of social and economic history and what—though there is no good term for it in English—may be called intellectual history.

In the first field he has in this volume little new to say. He writes, as he almost always does, clearly and persuasively, and in his account of the repressive legislation of 1794-1819 he marshals information nowhere else so neatly available. But the essays in this field are all purely expository and informative, at the level of a good encyclopedia or a text-book, and in this form and context are merely scrappy.

Mostly, however, Mr. Cole is concerned with what the French call *politiques et moralistes,* and here his work was well worth collecting in this form. Mr. Cole is fair in his analysis of the ideas of the men he is studying, and suggestive in his own appearances as a critic. William Cobbett, an old love of Mr. Cole's, is the most striking person in this gallery. Anyone who here happens to encounter Cobbett for the first time will want to get hold of "Rural Rides" or "Advice to Young Men" at once—surely one of the permanent tests of successful critical writing. Oddly enough, with Defoe Mr. Cole seems rather insistently the advocate, if not the whitewasher, which he is not elsewhere in this volume. Rousseau and Marx he treats rather as theorists of the General Will and the Economic Interpretation of History than as human beings. Here he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would seem to have made a good reconnaissance map of ideas so complex and abstract as to offer to the layman a real wilderness. William Morris and Henry Ford he confronts on the issue of the monotony of human labor and its social effects, and concludes that in spite of the Englishman's apparent failure and the American's apparent success, Morris was right. Mr. Ford must learn that "to make men, and not cars, is the supreme task of leadership."

This last will serve to point up what those already familiar with Mr. Cole's professional writings need not be reminded of. He is among the most distinguished of contemporary English "socialists," "Laborites," "Leftists," or, as we strangely say in this country, "liberals." His few pious pages on the Webbs are a work of discipleship. Yet for all his rash hopes in "planning," for all his reluctance to admit the existence of certain inertias in men and society, Mr. Cole contrives to display good-temper, good sense, and good humor, and seems little affected by that moral dyspepsia not uncommon among American liberals. These essays ought to be quite readable even to the most irate and despairing conservative.

Aeschylus to Menander

THE COMPLETE GREEK DRAMA. All the Extant Tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and the Comedies of Aristophanes and Menander, in a variety of translations. Edited by Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr. New York: Random House. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by EDITH HAMILTON

"RANDOM HOUSE considers this one of the most important publications it has ever attempted." So the announcement reads which accompanies the two handsome volumes where one may find the whole drama of ancient Greece. Random House has reason to be proud of its achievement. The book is well made in every way: binding, printing, style. It stays easily open at any page, a boon to students of volumes like these, too big to be held with comfort. Such an undertaking, involving so much expense on one side, and so much effort on the other, is a pleasant thing to reflect upon among the whirl of best sellers. Congratulations are due to Random House and Mr. Oates and Mr. O'Neill.

To this reviewer, however, it is a black mark against the book that the beautiful and distinguished translation of the "Alcestis" by Fitts and Fitzgerald should have been passed over in favor of Richard Aldington's, which has neither beauty nor distinction. Any passage would serve as an example. Where Fitts and Fitzgerald write:

> Prince of light,
> Have you cause to quarrel with me in this house again?
> Will you corrupt again those rights
> That only Hell should use?

Mr. Aldington says:

> Ha! Phoebus! You! Before this Palace!
> Lawlessly would you abolish the rights of the lower Gods!

This is a fair sample of the difference between the two versions. Power of poetry is in the one; and only the commonplace—and sometimes worse—in the other.

It is greatly to be regretted, too, that no more than three of Gilbert Murray's translations should have been chosen. Professor Murray's "Seven against Thebes" is one of his best, and superior in every way to Morshead's, which the compilers have preferred. His "Electra," as well, is far above that of Coleridge, selected for this book. Here, too, almost any passage can be cited in proof:

Coleridge: (Electra is speaking)

> I am wedded, sir; a fatal match.
> Poor is he, but displays a generous consideration for me.
> He has never presumed to claim from me a husband's right.

Murray:

> Stranger, I am a wife—
> Oh, better dead.
> A poor man, but true-hearted and to me
> Generous.
> He hath never held my body to his own.

It is true that all Euripides says in the last line is, "He has never dared to touch my bed," but, if one is to depart from the literal, let it be in Professor Murray's way and not in Coleridge's.

Henry James once said that there were things more important than good taste. Today we hardly need the admonition. Good taste is no longer enthroned. But, whether now or yesterday or tomorrow, it is for the compilers of a volume of poetry, the thing above all others important, the absolute essential.

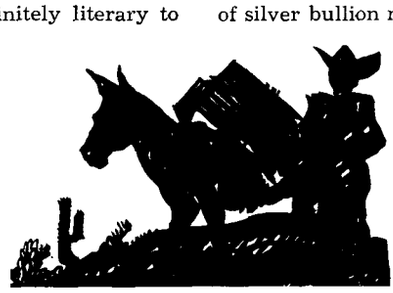
Edith Hamilton is the author of "The Greek Way," "The Roman Way," and "The Prophets of Israel."

Silver in the Golden Age

THE SILVER MAGNET. By Grant Shepherd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FLANDRAU

IT doesn't seem to me that this interesting and humorous reminiscence is the kind of thing about which one writes book reviews. It may be that I have too solemn an attitude toward book reviews, having had to take a good many myself and without anesthetics. At any rate, they seem too definitely literary to be applied to "Silver Magnet." Emphatically, it is not literary, it is too directly, honestly, vehemently, and often ingenuously, a personal record. It is surprising, too, that it should have just come from the press, as it so clearly belongs, in temper and quality of experience, to a much earlier period; and surprising also, because of the verve and gayety with which it is all set down, that it should have been written not by a young man but by one who reminds us frequently, with much humor and considerable regret, that he is very far indeed from being young. But perhaps when one's youth has been so adventurously and congenially experienced, time is powerless against it.



"The long mule trains . . . carried each month their hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of silver bullion . . ."

Oddly too, this vigorous and very living document is concerned chiefly with a way of life, indeed, with a world, which has ceased to exist. The pre-revolutionary Mexico, the old patriarchal period, a period which still seems to Mr. Shepherd to have been the Golden Age, when, with old Don Porfirio's torn hand on the helm, the country was so pacified and subdued that the long mule trains from the Batopilas mines carried each month their hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of silver bullion many days' journey with no thought of molestation.

Of these fantastic journeys, of all the minutiae of travel in a region that was without mechanical transportation of any kind, of the mining of silver, of life and work, of hunting, drinking, dancing, cockfighting in the remote Batopilas valley in Chihuahua where he spent most of his youth and early manhood, Mr. Shepherd writes well and in great detail.

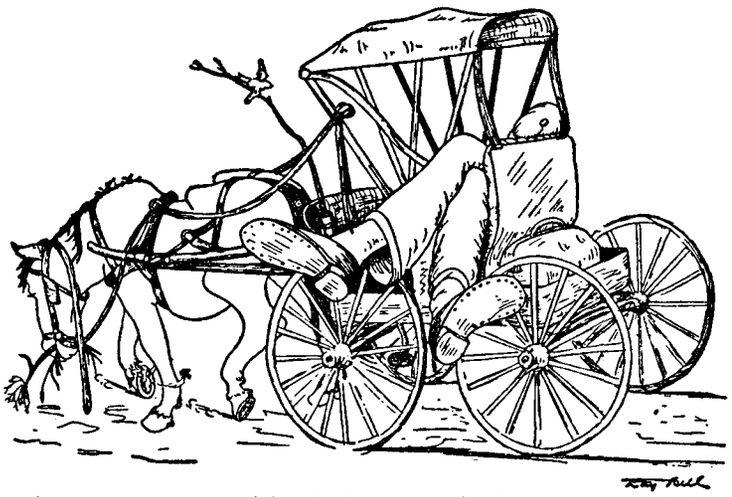
And with an enthusiasm that becomes at times quite unmanageable. If any of the above subjects interest you, you will not want to miss so authentic and entertaining an account of them as you will find in "The Silver Magnet."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*BOOK PREVIEW**

The Horse and Buggy Doctor

BY ARTHUR E. HERTZLER



"Sometimes for many nights the buggy was the doctor's only couch."

COUNTRY practice was so called because it was just that. The patients lived in the country and it was necessary for the doctor to drive out into the country to visit them. The doctors, for the most part, lived in the villages but the village inhabitants formed only a very small part of the doctor's practice. There was but little office practice because patients were treated with the simple remedies at home unless or until the state of the disease seemed to be threatening or the pain became too great to bear.

Country practice, therefore, naturally divided itself into two divisions, first that of transportation, the act of conducting oneself to the bedside of the patient; second, what one did after he arrived at the bedside of the patient.

Usually driving was just plain wearisome work, but trials and even dangers sometimes attended these country drives. A few specific instances may be mentioned in illustration. One night I had to cross a considerable stream which had a low water bridge. As I crossed on the out trip the water was just flowing over the floor of the bridge. When I returned, after several hours, the bridge was no longer visible but I estimated the water had risen only about a foot, which would permit easy crossing. But my horse had other ideas. He positively refused even to approach the water, so I turned, or rather he turned, around and came home by a circuitous route. Some days later an occurrence in a neighboring town caused me to go and inspect that bridge. It was gone.

Dog trainers have a saying that in order to train a dog one must know more than the dog. In order to drive a horse in dangerous situations one must know more than the horse. I soon learned that in intelligence in dangerous situations my horse knew more than I and I always deferred to his judgment. One night he jumped a washout of a bridge approach which was fully six feet wide and fifteen feet deep. He cleared it together with the front wheels of the buggy but the hind wheels fell into the water; yet he dragged the wheels to safety after they had fallen some distance in the water. On a pitch-dark night finding myself in a buggy horizontal to the earth's surface nearly scared the daylights out of me. My patient lived a very short distance from the bridge and his father had expected to warn me not to cross. He had intended to guard the bridge with a lantern but I came sooner than expected.

My patient on this occasion was a small boy with an abscess in his neck. Obviously it needed opening. I placed my instrument bag on the table and proceeded to inspect its contents. I went to sleep while doing so—it must have been but momentarily; I closed my bag and went back to town, by another road, needless to mention. When I awoke the next morning I remembered that I had not opened that abscess. I hastened back to do the necessary operation. The family thought that after looking in my bag I found I lacked the necessary instruments and had gone back to town after them. They did not realize that I had gone to sleep. This instance illustrates the placidity of a weary country doctor. Within fifteen minutes after being frightened stiff by the fall of the hind part of the buggy into the water, I went to sleep hunting for instruments with which to open an abscess.

One of the most perplexing situations I ever found myself in was one night I awakened to find my team following the bed of a dry stream. Kansas, I may say, has many streams, just in case it should rain. These "streams," except on rare occasions, are without water. The ditch was scarcely wider than the buggy and nearly as high as the buggy top. It was evident that I was headed up a stream and consequently that conditions ahead were worse. I unhitched the team and by partly upending the buggy succeeded in turning it. There was just enough space to get the team past the buggy. After driving a number of miles I came to where a road crossed and I was enabled to follow the trail. I was completely lost and do not know to this day where I was.

On the trip that resulted in the incident just mentioned I had been to a town forty miles distant. A number of times I had made the twenty-hour round trip to this town. I would drive my team part way, get a new team for the balance of the way and on my return get my own team and drive home again. One of these trips was made because the patient, so I had been informed by telegram, was bleeding, the patient thought seriously; but all that was the matter was a dinky little cervical polyp as large as a lead pencil and an inch long. Fortunately, one's services were measured by the patient's notion of its seriousness and not by what the doctor accomplished viewed from a medical standpoint.

As I look back over the old casebooks I wonder now just how much real good I did. Certainly the medicines I dispensed were merely symbols of good intentions. The friends of the patient felt better when I called but the muttering patients were often oblivious to the presence of the doctor. Cold-sponging a patient back to consciousness was a long weary task, but pleased the friends. Whether we did good or harm by keeping the temperature down it is impossible to say. I do know that hours of sponging a delirious patient was a terrible ordeal to the doctor who had not seen his bed literally for days.

In those days there were no telephones. Neighbors knew by grapevine messages when the doctor had been called to one of their number and if members of their families needed a doctor they hung a sheet at some conspicuous object. If it was after night a lantern was hung up. I knew these signals and answered the call. I remember that on one trip I visited seven patients in addition to the one for whom I was originally called.

Many of these families are still grateful. That close contact made the closest of friends. I sometimes think I would like

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents a section — somewhat condensed — from the autobiography of a country doctor in Kansas. Dr. Hertzler's book, "The Horse and Buggy Doctor," will be published next week by Harper & Bros.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to end my medical career amidst these intimate contacts. They answered the age-old question of the affirmative: "We are our brother's keeper."

Cases as one met them in country practice included just about every disease the human being is heir to; one had to be prepared to meet anything, not only in the nature of disease but also the dog when he made a country call. It was legal to shoot the dog.

Usually the call was brought by a horseman who dashed up the street on a foaming steed. The movies never produced anything quite so spectacular. The young doc usually answered the call in the same fashion: that is, at first—for he soon came to see how theatrical it was. During the trip he had plenty of time to reflect on the responsibility which awaited him when he reached the patient's bedside. To a young and untried doctor this anticipation was worse than the reality, for a case seldom turned out to be as serious as represented by the messenger. Almost anything from hysteria to postpartum hemorrhage might confront him. The hired man or a boy of the family usually brought the call before there were telephones. Generally, the messenger knew only that there was need for haste and nothing could be learned in advance as to the nature of the illness, though sometimes the hired man would announce that it was about time for an increase in the family. The vulgar might laugh at such a remark but it merely reflected an observant mind.

This lack of preparative information worked a double hardship. The doctor was neither able to take suitable supplies for the condition he was to meet nor to determine which of several calls received simultaneously was the most serious and should be answered first. I always followed this rule: children first, next women, then old men, and finally the adult males. Known cases of hysterics came last. The reason for giving priority to children was that they become violently ill suddenly and require early attention; hours counted. Then too, as it has sometimes been facetiously remarked, if haste was not exercised the child might recover before the doctor arrived. More seriously, the family might have one of those curious compilations, "What to Do until the Doctor Comes," and might do it too. One hoped to get there before they did. We know now how important haste is in cases of acute abdominal disease, notably in beginning appendicitis and intestinal perforations. In those days the acute intestinal disease of childhood, more than any other disease, justified haste in applying treatment.

The young doctor naturally took things more seriously than the seasoned old doctor, both because of the desire to establish himself in the community and because of the belief that his services always were of great importance. That is to say, his ignorance approached that of the patient. Then, too, the old doctor knew the people, both physically and financially, and if the patient's complaints were negative, he had urgent business elsewhere. One of my first calls will explain why. A boy came galloping to my house, the horse covered with foam and knees shaking and obviously at the point of dropping in his tracks. The boy, eyes bulging, shouted: "Come quick, Doc. Mother's terribly sick." I hastily hitched my horse and made the seven miles in considerably less than one hour—some driving! I rushed into the house only to find an assortment of women solemnly sitting about a stove doing nothing—except talking, of course. I asked, "Who's sick?" The lady of the house calmly answered: "Well, Doc, I reckon it's me. I ain't really sick, but I've been porely since Christmas and so Pa thought I better see a doctor. I didn't feel like ridin' to town so we sent for you because you are the new doctor." The significance of that last remark escaped me at the time, but I soon learned that they never paid any doctor anything and that established doctors turned a deaf ear to them. That is the way with deadheads. They make their call sound urgent in order to break down whatever sales resistance the doctor may have. Any experienced doctor can tell from these remarks what was wrong with her.

This family was interesting in another respect. There were no beds for most of its members. All the boys were sewed into their clothes in the fall when cold weather approached. At bedtime blankets were thrown on the floor and the youngsters lay down on them, clothes and all of course, and were asleep at once. They woke up in the morning all dressed and ready for pancakes and 'lasses. In the spring the clothes were ripped off and the child saw himself, for the first time in a number of months. This was before we learned about the more abundant life. The interesting fact, anthropologically speaking, is that the people did not know they were suffering any hardships. It all depends on the point of view.

The doctor learned to know his families, and calls from such people as these were usually passed up for a while in the hope that in the meantime a legitimate call might come from the same neighborhood. One could then answer the call without feeling that the expenditure of time and effort was a total loss. Such patients as I have described called the doctor for the most trivial affections, because they never intended to pay him for his trouble. The country doctor cannot bluntly refuse a call just because the patient is a confirmed and joyous deadhead. People of this class do sometimes die, though I cannot at this time recall a case. If such a thing did occur the doctor was censured, even though everybody knew it was good riddance.

I never refused a call, no matter what the condition, or what the chances of remuneration. When I announced that I wished to study medicine my father asked me to promise never to refuse to attend a sick person, whether he could or would pay or not. My father, being a farmer, did not realize how exasperating patients can be or how useless some calls. I have kept the faith: that is, almost. I have always refused to attend a drunk with a headache. I figure that he might as well suffer from the present headache as from the one he will acquire as soon as he is relieved. This may sound complicated to some persons but it will be perfectly clear to others, I am sure.

Thereby hangs a tale. We had in our town a chronic inebriate. One day I saw him zigzagging down the sidewalk. Early that evening the wife called to say that her husband was very ill. I assured her I could substantiate her statement, for I had seen him a few hours before. I advised that she put him to bed, expressing my belief that he would be all right in a few days as had been the case many times before. A few hours later she called again, reporting that her husband was dying. I replied that in that case it was not a doctor she wanted but an undertaker. This gave me an idea. I called the undertaker and informed him that Mr. X was in need of his service. Would he attend? As is the wont with morticians even today, he expressed deep sorrow, but in a tone that indicated grief would not incapacitate him for business.

I thought there might be interesting doings, so I cut down the alley and across lots and hid in the shadows of the house. Soon the undertaker approached in his wagon, with his assistant. There were at that time no mortuaries and a body was "laid out" in the parlor or living room of the late lamented. This undertaker was up-to-date and carried a board and a pair of "horses" on which to place the board. On arrival he found the door slightly ajar, but no one visible. Gently pushing open the door, he entered and quietly arranged the board on the supports ready to receive the relict. Just then the wife came in from the kitchen and, recognizing the undertaker, let out a shriek. This partly aroused the patient and he fixed the undertaker with an uncertain gaze. Spying the board, prepared to receive his remains, he sat bolt upright. He took one good look, and then let out a howl that frightened children four blocks away. The bed stood in front of a screened window. The patient dived through the screen of the very window through which I was peeping, carrying the screen with him. He lit running and after two hours' search his friends found him crouched in the corner of a fence many blocks from home.

He stayed sober for the remainder of his sojourn in our town, some three years. I have always remembered with a devilish chuckle that this man's co-worker was cured of his bibulous habit during a revival, but his cure lasted only nine months while my low-comedy one lasted at least three years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven Poets

NATURAL HISTORY. By Raymond Holden. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1938. $2.

SAUL, KING OF ISRAEL. By Victor S. Starbuck. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1938. $2.50.

ONE HUNDRED POEMS FROM THE PALATINE ANTHOLOGY. Paraphrased by Dudley Fitts. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1938. $2.50.

WINTER-BURNING. By Lindley Williams Hubbell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.

THE CRYSTAL WORLD. By Richard Aldington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1938. $1.75.

STREAMS FROM THE SOURCE. By Helene Mullins. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1938. $2.

HONEY OUT OF HEAVEN. By Amanda Benjamin Hall. Dallas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE are seven volumes of spring and summer poetry, but there is no vernal impulse, no fluttering prettiness to unite them; they have not a crocus or a cosmic urge in common. They are definitely, determinedly, even at times desperately, serious. Varying in merit, not one is without dignity and purpose, none is a merely mechanical assemblage of poetic parts, and only one fails to register a personality.

Raymond Holden's book is, with one exception, the smallest of the seven, but it is the most distinguished. It has been a long time in the making; fifteen years have passed since Holden's individualized first volume, "Granite and Alabaster," made a place for itself toward the end of the poetic renascence. "Natural History" is a far more integrated collection, firmer in phrase, sharper in effect. This is not to imply that the verse glitters with constant word-play. On the contrary, Holden's is not a showy poetry; it builds itself up slowly and with a careful craftsmanship surpassed by only a few of his contemporaries. The very opening line reveals the mood and the manner:

> Rafters of ice now wedge the brittle reeds.

The tone recalls Yeats—a suggestiveness which Holden acknowledges in his introductory "motto"—but the pictures, the overtones, and, most of all, the persuasiveness are Holden's. If there is such a thing as astringent lyricism, Holden accomplishes it in such unusual pieces as "Cold Night," "Forest," "Cock Crow Night," "Geese in the Running Water," "Proud, Unhoped-for Light," "Winter among the Days," and almost a dozen more. The sonnets have something of the same tightness—they are, in fact, a little too tight and tend toward dryness—and though Holden is never awkward in the form, he is not happy in it. Perhaps happiness in any sense is not the purpose of this poetry; perhaps even the lyrics do not aim at song. Nevertheless, the shorter poems continually achieve a rare and seemingly impossible blend of feeling and examination of feeling, of analysis and music.

The Old Testament version is closely followed in Starbuck's "Saul, King of Israel," and the narrative found in the Book of Samuel is here retold in verse which includes the parallel tale of David and Jonathan. The author omits no detail, he respects his sources, and is disinclined to question any emotion or motive. This very fidelity robs the tale of any excitement or surprise, for, though nothing is omitted, nothing is added either in the way of incident or interpretation. More serious is the lack of imagination in treatment. The book, comprising more than three thousand rhymed lines, is not so much a variation of couplets, quatrains, sestets, and octaves, as an anthology of stereotypes. Young David pastures his sheep on "grasses green" in meadows "fragrant and serene," leads them across the "dewy wold," drives away the "prowling wolf," brings them back to the "friendly fold," and roams the "windy hilltops high" where "fleecy clouds" listen to his song about one who is "soft of speech and fair of eyes." As the verse proceeds it becomes more and more dependent on outworn phraseology, and, in spite of the author's effort at illumination, it is hard to see the poem because of the words.

Dudley Fitts is no slave to tradition. On the theory that "every age must have its own translations," a new publishing house has presented, in an edition limited to five hundred, his adaptations from the great body of Greek epitaphs and epigrams known as the Palatine Anthology. The adaptations are racy, vigorous, and vivid; the mood dictates the tone which runs from the slangy to the purposefully archaic. The translator is at his best in the ironic fragments where his concision and taste spice the lines with wit, a wit that anticipates the neat disposals as well as the delicate indecencies of the Elizabethans. If there are occasional discordancies, intrusions of Pound and Cummings, this is not unnatural in a work of such impact, an impact to be expected when Greek meets Fitts.

Lindley Hubbell's first volume showed him to be a poet in transition; so did his second; so does his third. The author has read the best modern metaphysical poets, and he has cut many a poem from imported cloth. The designs he makes are distinct, but the verse has little distinction. He is most winning when working his own homespun, weaving patterns with a pleasantly familiar texture. He will be a better poet when he learns to trust his material more than his manner; it is a good though familiar fabric.

For no discernible reason Richard Aldington has published a volume of thirty-four pages of extraordinarily poor poetry. No trace of the man who once was one of the leading Imagists, the skilled translator, and the sensitive novelist can be found in these dull and disintegrated verses. The contents include twenty-one short poems and a prosy long one. Some of it seems to have been composed long ago—and by other writers; some of it seems to be the sort of thing which poets write when they are tired and discard when they feel better. If the reader is willing to pay one dollar and seventy-five cents for two charming lyrics and has the patience to track them down, they are here.

Helene Mullins is more thoughtful and less challenging in "Streams at the Source" than seemed possible to readers who relished the personal appeal of her early poetry. Not that she has lost personality, but her lines are no longer founded on self-pity or self-preoccupation. An almost fatal accident and consequent months of suffering have compelled a withdrawal which has sharpened her perceptions. It is not an austerity so much as a gathering of intellectual forces, a translation of the fanciful in terms of the philosophic. The first section, entitled "Biography," establishes this alteration. A new insight is evident in "The Biographer's Consultation," "Another Savior," "Stephen," an insight which may not be profound, but which is penetrating. If Miss Mullins still occasionally falls into a declining sentimentality, it is an echo of her early inclination rather than a reflection of her hardily won detachment.

Miss Hall is by no means a newcomer, but she, too, has grown in clarity as well as character. Hers is an unpretentious offering, but it does not lack distinction; it combines sharp-eyed wonder and sophisticated ingenuity. As poetry it is not provocative as much as piquant, arresting in expression rather than in thought. The pages are bright with phrases like "the violet, that flower with a private soul," the "once barbed, ferocious bee bemused with October," the sparrow's feathers "gray and rough as tweeds," the heart that maintains "the mill that pulses in the breast, and feeds the azure river in the arm." Hers is the poetry of yesterday rather than today, orderly rhymes which scarcely lift their voices and which, when they are pointed, make their point in *sotto voce* humor.

> Who takes as true the humming-bird
> Need not be straining at a gnat.

Such poetry can never be great, but it is gratifying—and that, in a world where the grandiose has taken the place of grandeur, is something.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lytton Strachey

(*Continued from page 4*)

resembled those of the police. Too often he was searching for evidence with which to convict and, unlike the police, conducting his search in public. It was a swift and devastating process.

Take the case of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the great educator. Off come the doctor's clothes, to be thrown in a heap in the corner. There is a lot of favorable evidence in those clothes, but we are not here to consider that. We are looking for something else. "His legs, perhaps, were shorter than they should have been." How easy to make fun of a naked man! And, of course, the Doctor is dead; he is quite unconscious of what is being done to him; he cannot protest. It is inevitable that this unclothed, this respectable form should yield the ultimate evidence—the Doctor was a prig. The pietism of the early Victorian evangelical sounds, to our unaccustomed ears, more priggish than was actually the case; but how vulnerable it is! "The most careless observer, we are told," says Strachey, "'could not fail to be struck by the triumphant exultation of his whole manner on Easter Sunday.' Though it needed," he continues with irrepressible relish, "a more familiar eye to discern the subtleties in his bearing which were produced by the approach of Advent, and the solemn thoughts which it awakened of the advance of human life, the progress of the human race, and the condition of the Church of England."

But it was not only in his pietism that the early Victorian evangelical could be attacked; for his pietism extended to his politics. "Dr. Arnold was, as he constantly declared, a Liberal. In his opinion, the principles of progress and reform had been those of wisdom and justice in every age of the world—except one: that which had preceded the fall of man from Paradise. Had he lived then, Dr. Arnold would have been a Conservative." Nor is this all. For our naked victim displays as well great signs of virility. What fun! Carlyle, having visited the Doctor at Rugby, "characterized Dr. Arnold as a man of 'unhasting, unresting diligence.' Mrs. Arnold, too, no doubt agreed with Carlyle. During the first eight years of their married life, she bore him six children; and four more were to follow."

What he did with Thomas Arnold, he did with Cardinal Manning also. "It is difficult to feel quite sure," he wrote of Manning's conversion to the Catholic Church, "that his plunge was as hazardous as it appeared. Certainly he was not a man who was likely to forget to look before he leaped, nor one who, if he knew that a mattress was spread to receive him, would leap with less conviction." It is true that he left that imposing ecclesiastic with some clothing — the silken but shabby underwear of worldly ambition—still clinging to his limbs. But that was all. And the bitter, the witty bread thus cast upon the waters returned after many days: it is by his handling of Arnold and Manning that Strachey is still judged. That his portraits of Florence Nightingale and General Gordon turned those personages from incredible saints to credible human beings, is almost forgotten. The portrait of the General, in particular, deserves study. That incorrigible soldier, with his high courage and his peculiar religion, his open Bible and his open bottle of brandy, his terrible rages, his strange self-mortifications, his tragic attempts almost in the article of death to justify himself at once to the Almighty and the editor of *The Times* —*his* portrait, at any rate, has been drawn out of affection not malice. It is impossible, having once read it, ever to remember Gordon without tenderness. And the conclusion is magnificent. The General was dead, a martyr to circumstance, hacked to pieces by dervishes in the Palace at Khartoum. His memory had been vindicated in a truly imperialistic manner by a vast slaughter of Arabs. Four chaplains, Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist, read the funeral service for him; and a select company of Sudanese buglers played "Abide with Me," his favorite hymn. Then comes a typical sentence, a sentence which, before reaching its predestined conclusion, threatens to wander off into a chaos of commas: "General Gordon himself, possibly, fluttering, in some remote Nirvana, the pages of a phantasmal Bible, might have ventured on a satirical remark." That sentence alone is a vindication of the memory of Gordon.

In "Eminent Victorians" is to be found the essential Strachey. The four studies are derived from secondary sources, a practice much disliked by critics who are not themselves either biographers or historians. His wit was not pure, but colored and flavored with malice; and though we are not sparing with malice where it does most harm, that is, towards the living, we are inclined to develop a tender conscience when we find it being used against the dead. His prose, too, is apt to cause uneasiness. Its rhythms are masterly, but it does not suit the prevailing taste. We prefer the simple and the conversational; we look with suspicion on latinisms; and our views on adjectives are distinctly utilitarian. "He was a child of the Romantic Revival, a creature of emotion and of memory, a dreamer whose secret spirit dwelt apart in delectable mountains, an artist whose subtle senses caught, like a shower in the sunshine, the impalpable rainbow of the immaterial world." This is certainly not simple. It is certainly not conversational, but then, as a character sketch of John Henry Newman, it is difficult to see how it could have been. Its alliterations are obvious, and its ultimate phrase is redundant. But it is natural. Written, pondered, re-written, it is none the less spontaneous, for it is the inherent voice of a subtle, sensuous, and complicated personality.

His brevity, his gift for compressing a serried mass of facts into a few brilliant pages, is, at any rate, beyond question. It alone might justify a claim that he was a pioneer of English biography. Brevity is a virtue that might be practised more than it is; but it would be idle to condemn a biography just because it runs to two thick volumes. There is a more essential lesson to be learned from Strachey. He, more than anyone else, has demonstrated that the ends of biography are not factual but fictive. It is imagination and imagination alone which can create the portrait of another human being.

When "Queen Victoria" appeared, not a few of its more conservative readers fled from its perusal to the factual pages of Sir Sidney Lee. Lee's book was dull, but so, they had always piously hoped, was the Queen. Indeed an abnormal, a terrifying, an imperial dullness was all that was left of her memory. Voiceless and inhuman, like one of her own statues, she loomed in the public mind. It was only three years since the publication of "Eminent Victorians," and the thought that this statue had found its Pygmalion, at once creator and awakener, and that the Pygmalion was Lytton Strachey, seemed little short of indecent. They dipped into the book and found exactly what they had expected. He had made fun of the Queen! More discerning readers, acknowledging the portrait to be a masterpiece, were known to remark that he had started to scoff and had remained to praise. Neither judgment was correct, though of the two the latter is the more misleading. In his "Queen Victoria" his method was exactly the same as in the portraits of Florence Nightingale and General Gordon. It was natural for him to seek for the inner essence of a character through its foibles rather than through its virtues; this was the approach which he made to Victoria; and —until the very end of the book, when her foibles were swallowed up in an old age that still amazes us—it is apparent in every page. In one paragraph, almost in one breath, he mentions both her "absurdity" and her "peerless carriage," and the juxtaposition typifies the whole spirit of the book. To reach the virtues through the failings does not mean that the second will overshadow the first; and what really surprised the critics was not the excess of his admiration but the mildness of his criticism.

It still surprises us. Today we should be tempted to draw a far less kindly portrait of the great queen. We should emphasize the extraordinary series of accidents by which she came to be queen at all; with the fat volumes of her Letters to support us, we should remark on the sheer wastefulness of royal industry;

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor should we hesitate to assert that she was little more than an irritating and often unconstitutional drag on the machine of party politics. But we will have no chance to make these statements, for Strachey's biography—as the subsequent works of Mr. Benson and Miss Sitwell prove—seems to have pronounced the last word for some years to come. By sheer force of imagination he created an image of her which, though not complete and probably far from true, mocks the efforts of other biographers to rival it. He made her into a fiction, and so she has attained reality.

In the end, it is his imagination which most compels us to accept him. In the last of his biographies, "Elizabeth and Essex," he was obliged to abandon his favorite method of approach. He could not reach the Elizabethans through their foibles. They baffled him as, to a lesser extent, he had been baffled by the people of the eighteenth century, and for the same reason: there was no Victorian abyss between their public and their private lives. Moreover, the last flowering of the Renaissance had for him the quality of a day-dream; it was as though he had imagined with delight that he had lived there himself, and could not quite shake the gossamer of that fantasy out of his brain. He was half in love with them all; and as a consequence "Elizabeth and Essex" is a failure.

But it is an exquisite failure. The portrait of Elizabeth, drawn in the early pages, is a triumph of suggestive writing. Using an odd psychological dialectic, he affirms, he negates, he negates the negation. He was not wholly in love with Elizabeth, he reserved that for Essex; but she bemused and awed him; and the fact that his portrait of her is so alive is a tribute to imagination, which alone has the will power to break down the intransigeance of fact and the reluctance of reason.

Popular biography and popular history should, in their search after truth, try to attain the high reality of fiction: this important concept is implicit in his books, but he has not received much credit for it. He had, and has, the power to entertain and excite his readers; yet his direct influence on writers has been either negligible or bad. His style and his method were alike so personal that, though much could be learned from them, mere emulation could only result in caricature. His followers had a brief and dreary inning; they produced a series of so-called "debunking" biographies, and their names were writ in water. But, before they disappeared, they had covered his reputation with clods of dull dirt. Will that reputation be exhumed, in some calmer and more reflective future? Or is it already extinct? Is he to be a minor luminary; or was he just a meteor, a doomed outrageous fragment? One could do worse than reread him, before venturing upon an opinion.

The Shadow of Fear

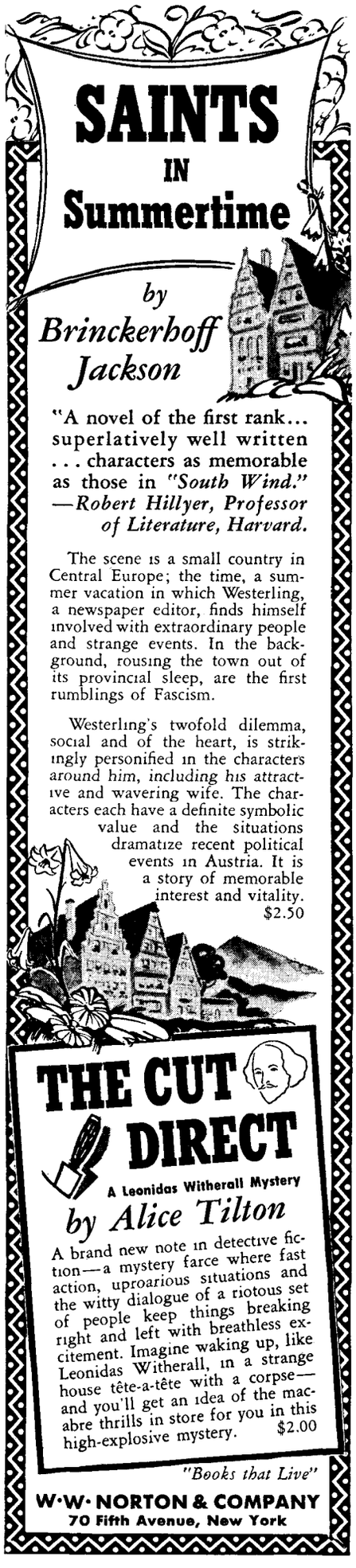
THE FISHMANS. By H. W. Katz. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS first novel by H. W. Katz has been awarded the Heinrich Heine Prize by a group of exiled German writers now in France. It seems most likely that the manuscript commended itself to its judges less for its merits as a novel, which are slight, than for the considerable, genuine documentary interest it possesses. Mr. Katz is himself in exile from Nazi Germany, and his memories stretch backward from his own life there to the early history of his family in Galicia. Have we heard this tale before? Yes, told by greater writers, and in more powerful books; but until books are as influential as we should like them to be, there will always be the need to have it told again. We have to understand that the present German pogrom is but the most concentrated, brutalized, and publicized manifestation of a condition that is centuries old. This is the history of the Fishmans.

With a few perfunctory gestures at the novel form, Mr. Katz settles down almost at once to his task as biographer of his family and historian of the Galician Jew. It is not as ambitious a project as it sounds. He works upon a small scale, modestly. He depends upon the simplest anecdote, the suggestive trifle, the understatement, for his effects. The tone throughout is restrained, the intonation almost apologetic. What could we do, it seems to say. The Jew of eastern Europe lived on sufferance, trailing a long leash that was snapped short at any moment. He was careful and restrained, he did not hear the shouts, he trembled and smiled and dissembled his terrible fear. So much appears with painful clarity as we follow the details of Yossel Fishman's life in Strody, once part of the Austrian Empire.

Less successfully represented are the Fishmans themselves. Mr. Katz writes of them *con amore*. Large sections of the book, colored with emotion and personal memory, are devoted to their marriages, their home life, their personal struggles. Yet as individuals, as a particular and unique set of people, Mr. Katz's forbears, they do not come through. This is the defect of his loose, helter-skelter, grab-bag-of-memories method of narration. There is no strong time-impulse in his story. It moves along casually like a commentary; it skips about in chronology, mentioning the death of a person who has not yet appeared, so that the history of that character seems later to be an anti-climax; it leaves important events at the very height of action, to come back later when the moment has lost its interest. But his book is sustained by a spiritual dignity that never falters, and by his own utter honesty.


SAINTS
IN
Summertime
by
Brinckerhoff
Jackson
"A novel of the first rank... superlatively well written ... characters as memorable as those in "South Wind." —Robert Hillyer, Professor of Literature, Harvard.
The scene is a small country in Central Europe; the time, a summer vacation in which Westerling, a newspaper editor, finds himself involved with extraordinary people and strange events. In the background, rousing the town out of its provincial sleep, are the first rumblings of Fascism.
Westerling's twofold dilemma, social and of the heart, is strikingly personified in the characters around him, including his attractive and wavering wife. The characters each have a definite symbolic value and the situations dramatize recent political events in Austria. It is a story of memorable interest and vitality.
$2.50
THE CUT DIRECT
A Leonidas Witherall Mystery
by Alice Tilton
A brand new note in detective fiction—a mystery farce where fast action, uproarious situations and the witty dialogue of a riotous set of people keep things breaking right and left with breathless excitement. Imagine waking up, like Leonidas Witherall, in a strange house tête-a-tête with a corpse—and you'll get an idea of the macabre thrills in store for you in this high-explosive mystery. $2.00
"Books that Live"
W·W· NORTON & COMPANY
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reconstruction in the New South

FORTY ACRES AND STEEL MULES. By Herman Clarence Nixon. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SHANDS MEACHAM

"FORTY acres and a mule" was a post-Civil War doctrine of certain congressional reconstructionists who vainly hoped to establish former slaves as freeholders in a South in which the plantation would be only a memory of ante-bellum civilization. But the Solid South—after it had made its political truce with the North—quickly replaced the lost institution of slavery with share-cropping and tenancy. King Cotton carried on with his subjects in a new thralldom.

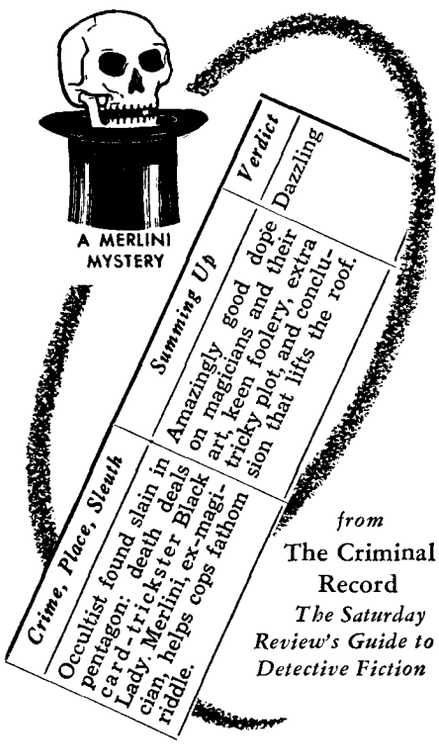
Herman Clarence Nixon, who is professor of political science at Tulane University, and who contributed one of the twelve theses of agrarianism posted for the South in "I'll Take My Stand," now takes a broader view of contemporary Southern reconstruction, admitting all the implications that hinge upon the arrival of Leviathan in the form of the steel mule. The tractor demands large-scale farming; it threatens to plow under the farmer with only one mule and forty acres. Even if he has two mules, his competitive situation may grow worse rather than better, for another mechanical beast of burden—the Rust cotton picker—is on the way.

The steel mule tirelessly plows a furrow a mile long, and is not likely to wait for an agricultural system that is on the whole medieval (without castles) to catch up. Since the South already has a large farm labor surplus, mechanized agriculture, which will release a countless number of agricultural workers for other employment, will probably put the problem of Southern regionalism much more urgently into the picture of national economy.

Mr. Nixon calls the farm tenancy system of cotton production "an expression of poverty," and factually proves the statement. He prescribes a pattern of remedies for the ills of the present cotton economy. Diversified farming in the South can be brought about only by strengthening its rural commerce all along the line. The author of this book emphasizes the need for better farm villages, and for more government aid for bottom-rail farmers. Southern regions need protection against the protective tariff, and relief from freight-rate discrimination. While the cotton kingdom must have industries, Mr. Nixon is aware that its subjects may easily jump from sun-drenched fields into the frying pans of industrial sweatshops, which are being attracted by its most consistent surplus crop—population.

Mr. Nixon is an economist who writes well, and with a lively sense of humor. The faces of the sharecroppers he has seen, and whose pictures are included in this book, lead him to believe that the outlook for the poorest citizens of the South is not "humanly hopeless." While they may occasionally rest overlong where it is ninety degrees in the shade, when at work they are among the shock troops of economic America.

William Shands Meacham is Associate Editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.


A MERLINI MYSTERY
Crime, Place, Sleuth
Occultist found slain in pentagon: death deals card-trickster Black Lady. Merlini, ex-magician, helps cops fathom riddle.
Summing Up
Amazingly good dope on magicians and their art, keen foolery, extra tricky plot, and conclusion that lifts the roof.
Verdict
Dazzling

from The Criminal Record *The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction*

DEATH from a TOP HAT

BY CLAYTON RAWSON

At all bookstores • $2 • PUTNAM'S

Direct Thinking

INTUITION. By K. W. Wild. New York: The Macmillan Co. (Cambridge University Press.) 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

PHILOSOPHY is filled with words that flit about and never seem to come to rest on any particular bit of content. Philosophers, in consequence, spend much of their time analyzing the various meanings and imperfections of words, a task beset with difficulties because, as John Locke observed, they have nothing but words with which to do it. In this book Miss Wild enlists for the duration of the terminological confusion in philosophy and attempts to lay those Baconian idols of the market-place which have tormented discussions of intuition. Although disclaiming authority on any of the questions of "deep philosophic import" with which she deals, her achievement is scholarly and profound as well as competent, and so rich in literary and philosophic allusion that persons with no special interest in, or even with active antagonism to, the idea of intuition will enjoy reading it.

Reading the book, however, is no intuitive exercise, but rather an intellectual one. The author pursues dialectical subtleties with tenacity unabated until she catches them, and when she concludes with thirty-one separate and distinct definitions of intuition, all neatly labeled and filed away, she doesn't quite know what to do about it. It may be permissible to suggest that she has done enough in enlightening the conceptions of intuition held by such writers as Bergson, Spinoza, Croce, Jung, Lévy-Bruhl, Wordsworth, and Whitehead to obviate any further responsibility on her part, especially when she contributes additional chapters on religious, moral, and esthetic intuition and

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE WITHOUT A CLUE *Nigel Moreland* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Palmyra Pym, Scotland Yard sleuthess, roars down trail of person who slew surrealist author and two other Londoners.	Belligerently dauntless female 'tec and her faithful stooge Insp. Shott slug and shoot their way through exciting puzzle.	Speedy
TREAD SOFTLY *Brian Flynn* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Poisoning of London man-about-town and strangling of actor's lovely wife keep Anthony Bathurst busy.	Shrewd sleuth thoroughly airs scandalous goings-on in rarefied British circles. One murder method clever.	Routine
THE CORPSE THAT TRAVELED *Arthur J. Rees* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Two corpses in lonely English seacoast mansion send detectives Luckraft and Fernley scurrying after suspicious characters.	Small town marital woes, hint of buried treasure, and blackmail, fail to lift tale out of British stolidity.	Slow motion
THE CURSE OF RED SHIVA *Vivian Meik* (Hillman Curl: $2.)	Three - centuries - old curse of wronged Indian girl, but for Maj. Verrey, would have caused destruction of white race.	Blood and thunder yarn of slinking Eurasians, renegade whites, stranglings, etc., with reasonably good detective trimming.	Ordinary

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the relation of intuition to "the values," teleology, and genius. Intuition, it seems, constitutes one of the attributes of genius, and the geniuses discussed include Rousseau, Goethe, Marcus Aurelius, Henry Ford, and the Biblical David, in that order. The author demonstrates her analytical talents best, perhaps, when she treats of the role of intuition in esthetic perception and in the recognition of values.

With less enthusiasm and less success, Miss Wild attempts finally to reduce her thirty-one definitions to a simple array, and arrives at a conception of intuition as "an immediate awareness by a subject, of some particular entity, without such aid from the senses or from reason as would account for that awareness," or as the method by which a subject attains such awareness. Throughout she assumes that some such mental activity occurs and that the word intuition — to purloin a phrase—is not one of the "fig-leaves which cover the nakedness of our ignorance."

A Record of Courage

MY MIND A KINGDOM. By George Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SLOANE

GEORGE THOMAS'S heroism is of a kind that does not find its way often into a book. To create a personal life of interest, achievement, and even humor in the face of such odds as he faces daily requires a triumphant character.

Out of the seven members of the Thomas family, four suffer from an apparently incurable and obscure form of progressive muscular atrophy. Their lives, as this day-by-day journal reveals them, should have been intolerably burdensome. Every motion must be made with calculating carefulness, but even so, painful and dangerous falls are commonplace. By the end of the year 1935, in which his book was written, Mr. Thomas was no longer able even to cross his legs unaided. Writing, which he had determined to make his career after the success of his first book, "A Tenement in Soho," must be practised with a special technique.

The Thomases live in a tenement; the father of the family is a London dustman, and though they are not paupers, they are poor. And yet, to quote another line from the Edward Dyer poem which supplies the author with his title, "though much I want which most would have," he is able to face life without self-pity. Books and their writing, music, good talk, and a moving religious feeling do make a kingdom out of what would otherwise have been a caged life of frustration.

Diaries cannot be plotted any more than life, as Miss Sackville-West points out in her admirable preface, so nothing much happens, in an objective way, in the course of "My Mind a Kingdom." But it needs no plot to make it a special but engrossing kind of book, full of humanity, courage, laughter, and warm faith. Not everyone will like it, but those who do will find it *sui generis* and excellent.

The New Books

Fiction

LATER THAN YOU THINK. By Gawen Brownrigg. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

This is a glib and readable tale; in all probability it was so intended. Yet one can't help seeing how its essential subject has been badly diluted by this very glibness, by the way in which too many supposedly sure-fire elements have been crowded in. Automobile racing is a sport full enough of excitement and special techniques to make its own novel. Further, Mr. Brownrigg is a sports editor and has at his finger-tips all of the details and sensations of the game. When he permits himself to set these down in their own tempo, unspoiled, he gives us some fresh, thrilling writing. But then he remembers that a novelist should be an artificer, and thrusts racing into the background. He gives us a flippant Oxford youth who is just a racing genius without ever taking it seriously, who comes down from college to become, in an incredible flash, the greatest racer in Europe. He is also romantically irresistible, and has a melodramatic affair with a melodramatic woman. His employer is a sinister, wholly fantastic auto magnate, who fondles enlarged pictures of terrible crashes and keeps, tenderly, a space on the wall for our hero's debacle, which is of course filled in. All of this is merely an insincere treatment of essentially good realistic material, and therefore disappointing.

N. L. R.

TWO FOR JOY. By E. Morchard Bishop. Scribner's. 1938. $2.50.

In spite of his title, there isn't much joy in Mr. Bishop's novel, which seems designed to evoke nostalgic poignance rather than any stronger emotion. The story is a simple one, told in the first person by a young English draughtsman who is more sensitive than sensible. The Irish girl with whom he falls in love and ultimately marries would have been happier had she remained a spinster, and little by little they retreat from each other until there is nothing left between them except recollection and regret. After a somewhat staccato and fumbling start, the narrative flows along with occasional moments of intensity that redeem it from pointlessness. But its current is neither deep, wide, nor swift, and most of the time it is not much of a book. Some of the scenes are laid in Dublin. These and the quick sketches of the "real, ould Dublin characters" have a salinity that might have given more bite to the rest of the book had the author been able to sprinkle it more generally through his pages.

W. S.

OLD MOTLEY. By Audrey Lucas. Macmillan. 1938. $2.50.

The title of this novel suggests one of its main features, namely the theatrical career of a scion of an English Quaker family, in the days of Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Macready, and Count D'Orsay. The decade from 1830 to 1840 is its time-span. The novel is also a study of parental dominance and severity warping the lives of the children of a family. John Baron, the Quaker banker, is not another Mr. Barrett, to be sure; but the tyranny of his affection for his daughter Margaret is a trait inherited by her and exercised toward her much younger stepbrother, Charles, who finally breaks away from his family to go on the stage. In the beginning of the book Margaret mothers the boy who usually angers her father, but she is at no time a very sympathetic character, being actually extremely self-centered, like her father.

The presentation of both narrow-minded and broad-minded Quakers of the period is interesting, and Miss Lucas has obviously done considerable research into theatrical history of the time. She writes in a nineteenth century manner which sorts with her material but which runs easily into rather obvious melodrama. This minor novel has atmospheric charm and the manners of the period have been well studied. Frankly a romance, it has little subtlety, but neither is it squeamish. Miss Lucas has inherited the gift of enjoyable writing from her late highly talented father, E. V. Lucas.

W. R. B.

History

LEGENDS OF LOUDOUN. By Harrison Williams. Richmond, Va.: Garrett & Massie. 1938. $3.

This is a pleasant local history of Loudoun County, Virginia, where Monroe built Oak Hill from Jefferson's plans, where Mosby's name was feared, and where now the new hunting-squires (frequently from the North) pursue even more expensive foxes than those of Peapack, N. J. Mr. Williams is not a trained writer but he is obviously in love with the countryside, and he has some good stories to tell.

S. V. B.

Miscellaneous

MERCHANTS OF PEACE. Twenty Years of Business Diplomacy Through the International Chamber of Commerce, 1919-1938. By George L. Ridgeway. Columbia University Press. 1938. $3.75.

It is one of the unfortunate ironies of international affairs that our newspapers frequently find war more dramatic than

$5000.00 Atlantic Non-Fiction Contest

The prize will be awarded for the most interesting unpublished non-fiction work — $3,000 outright, $2,000 as an advance on account of royalties.

The manuscript, preferably 75,000 to 150,000 words, may deal with any subject provided it is founded on fact. Manuscript accepted to be published by Little, Brown & Company.

Contest closes May 1, 1939

For descriptive circular write

THE FIFTH NON-FICTION CONTEST
The Atlantic Monthly Press
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peace and destruction more interesting than construction. The diplomacy of the League Council, for example, has always received greater attention than the less spectacular, and often more useful, activities of the Secretariat or the International Labor Office. In an effort to show that international coöperation in the economic field can be as exciting as tariff wars, Professor Ridgeway, of Wells College, has written a detailed history of the International Chamber of Commerce. In four hundred pages he pictures the business men of the Chamber struggling to restore stability to international trade and finance, in the face of reparations, war debts, tariffs, and other disturbing elements of economic nationalism.

While this account of the International Chamber of Commerce covers an important and previously neglected field, and is useful as a reference book, it will probably satisfy neither the scholar nor the layman. The approach is entirely chronological, covering year by year the conferences and programs of the I.C.C., with no real analysis of the organization or critical appraisal of its work. Are all of these manufacturers and bankers really merchants of peace? How far have the various national chambers coöperated in the efforts of the I.C.C. to reduce tariffs? Even in his concluding chapter, Professor Ridgeway never comes to grips with current economic problems or relates the I.C.C. to the political tensions of today. This is a panegyric, not a history.

The book is well documented and illustrated, but written in a heavy and occasionally verbose style. Its large index is marred by a curious bit of slipshod compilation which is quite unworthy of an academic publisher; for nineteen of the many individuals indexed, including Theodore Wolff of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, are given dashes instead of first names.

J. F. G.

SLUMS OF NEW YORK. By Harry Manuel Shulman. Boni. 1938. $3.

This study of family and neighborhood life in four slum areas of New York City was made under the auspices of the Rotary Club of New York. In these areas of different ethnic composition and cultural pattern, an immense amount of information was collected on population changes, housing conditions, educational and recreational items, employment, income, health, crime and delinquency, and various social relationships and attitudes, especially "the social world of the child."

The book is too full of data to be easy reading, but the sociological student will find it valuable. The chief significance of the book lies in what it shows about the opportunity and responsibility of the school as an agency of social aid and adjustment—in matters of health, recreation, vocation, and general well-being.

R. G. F.

Narragansett Inn
WATCH HILL, R. I.
A charming seaside inn. Famous for its excellent food. Modern rooms, reasonable rates. Two minutes' walk from bathing beach. For descriptive booklet write ANNA E. FORD.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions for any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department E. W., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

FIRST EDITIONS

MORLEY. Briefcase Brevities Number Four. "Goodbye To Spring." First edition, limited to 200 copies. $1.50. Philip Duschness, 507 Fifth Avenue.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, New York, N. Y.

BARGAIN OFFERS

20% SCHULTE'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.
LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB PUBLICATIONS FOLLOWING WITH 20% DISCOUNT DEDUCTED. PRICES ONLY WHEN CASH ACCOMPANIES ORDER.
ARISTOPHANES, FROGS ..... $ 3.20
CHAUCER, CANTERBURY TALES.... 12.00
EMERSON, ESSAYS 10.00
FOUQUE, UNDINE 6.00
GAY, BEGGAR'S OPERA..... 8.00
HUGO, NOTRE DAME..... 6.00
LANDOR, IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS 6.00
LEWIS, MAIN STREET..... 14.40
LOTI, ICELAND FISHERMAN..... 7.20
MILTON, PARADISE LOST..... 10.00
MOLIERE, TARTUFFE 4.80
MORE, UTOPIA 7.20
O. HENRY, VOICE OF THE CITY.... 6.00
POE, ARTHUR GORDON PYM..... 6.40
SHELLEY, FRANKENSTEIN 6.00
SMOLLETT, PEREGRINE PICKLE.... 10.00
WILDE, BALLAD OF READING GAOL 4.80
75 OTHER TITLES IN STOCK, LIST FREE.
SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, INC.
80 Fourth Ave. (Tenth St.)

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York, carries the largest assortment, at lowest prices, of standard French fiction. School, Art, Scientific, General and Current French books. "New York's ONLY French Bookshop where French books are sold exclusively."—Over 500,000 in stock."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

PROFESSIONAL editors offer specific critical help, editing all manuscripts. Letitia S. Pendleton, Maria Leach, 17 East 96th Street, N. Y.

COMPLETE MANUSCRIPT PLACEMENT service—Stories, Books, Novels sold. Editorially recognized in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Highly recommended criticism, editing, revision for publication. Information on request. New authors assisted. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING, COLLABORATION. Stories, articles, theses, books. Excellent credentials. MARY DOUGLAS, 600 W. 113th Street, New York. UNiversity 4-6974.

STORIES, MANUSCRIPTS, VERSE, BOOKS criticized, revised, marketed. No reading charge. Send MSS. New writers helped. MARANATHA BUILDERS, 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

BOOK PLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

AUTOGRAPHIC BOOKPLATES, two colors, free samples. Apex, 217 7th Ave., New York.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

SUMMER at Pemaquid Point, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

VACATIONS, WEEKENDS — Places, prices, facilities. 60 suggestions, $1. Eleanor Hughes Associates, Box 161, Grand Central Annex, N. Y.

WAKE ROBIN INN—Lakeville, Conn. Charming country home. Broad verandas—spacious grounds. Ideal for rest and quiet. Excellent southern cooking.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful place for a vacation. Good food. Reasonable rates.

KENNETH RIDGE, Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Beautiful estate, overlooking ocean. Quiet, restful. Booklet. Aileen Gray.

THE BERKSHIRES UNSPOILED may be enjoyed at Cloveverly, Cummington, Mass. City conveniences. $25.00.

SILVER BIRCHES, Canton, Maine, for discriminating who want a quiet place that offers boating and bathing in a secluded and beautiful lake. Cabins with sanitary plumbing. Excellent table. $18-$22.50 weekly. Booklet.

THE ANCHORAGE. Yarmouth, Cape Cod, Mass. Accessible to beach, golf, Cape Play House. Dine in garden or before wood fires. Guest House.

"SEA MEADOWS," Cousins Island, Maine. Vacation as guests of "Nouveaus Pauvres" in century-old brick farm house (completely modernized) on island in beautiful Casco Bay. Private bathing beaches, croquet, golf, fishing, boating. Home-grown vegetables, eggs, milk. Rates reasonable. Table excellent.

CAMP IN TOWN. Large old house, many bedrooms, all conveniences, furnished for summer living with antiques and Woolworth, in old Sag Harbor, Long Island. The place for a perfect vacation for you, your friends, and your friends' friends too. It's yours for a month at seventy-five dollars. W. J. Boyd, Sag Harbor, N. Y.

A YEAR IN LONDON? Americans would enjoy unique Mews cottage, to let furnished, off Baker Street. Modern. All electric. 3 bedrooms, bath, garage. Very desirable and unusual. £50 per quarter. Write Fairfax-Jones, 10 Golden Square, Piccadilly Circus.

WONDERFUL tract woodland, 1½ acres, Casco Bay, Cousins Island, Maine. Boating, swimming, views, fresh water springs. Beautiful spot for bungalow. Will sell. Low price. Box 833-C.

YACHTSMEN'S LIFE FOR WAGE SLAVES. Turn Tar in August on a spacious barge houseboat with 40-foot cabin. Row on Long Island Sound in a Captain's Courageous Dory. Vacation or commute in 45 minutes and swim daily in clear waters of a beautiful bay. Sea life for six with horseless station carriage included. References required. Box 834-C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

PENOBSCOT BAY—island; deep-sea fishing; motor boating; excellent table; modern improvements—$25. Rockaway Inn; Vinalhaven, Maine.

COMFORT, CONVENIENCE, SECLUSION. Dutch farmhouse beside a brook in beautiful foothills, on untravelled byroad. Abundant farm products, interesting, different food. A few congenial guests (Christians). Twenty-one dollars weekly. Cottage for two or three with meals twenty-five dollars per person. Bathroom and electricity. Privacy comfort. Roomy, airy, attractive view. Near house. Please state dates. The Farm on the Hill, R.R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

S. O. S. Educated middle-aged woman desires position as companion. Managerial duties, widely travelled, excellent references. Box 835-C.

COTTAGE for rent for August and September. Price reasonable. Quiet, near beach. Also beach camp for rent. Cora Wing, East Sandwich, Cape Cod.

LITERARY OUTLANDERS who do not wish to lose sight of the earth and of grass and of trees while in New York City will enjoy the Hotel Standish Hall. It is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Accommodations for the person who must be in New York for a considerable time. Newly-furnished and decorated suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

SMITH, 34, art major, desiring winter graduate work, would be tutor, secretary, companion, exchange modest bed. Board. Free afternoons. Vicinity Columbia University. References. Interview September. Box 15, Savannah, Georgia.

FOR LIVING ACCOMMODATION in family or inn in farm land anywhere in New England intelligent woman offers thirty hours of work and a small payment. Write fully to "Writer."

BACHELOR in early thirties desires correspondence with other bachelors interested in books, drama and a broad-minded philosophy of life. Box 836-C.

WANTED: Fifty book-loving people to experiment with new and lucrative system of distribution. Box 837-C.

EXCHANGE arrangement desired with school librarian wishing year in New York City. Box 838-C.

OVERSTUDY necessitates outdoor work. Have you a farm job for college man, 24? Amiable; reliable. References. Salary secondary. Box 839-C.

GIVE YOUR CHILD the advantage of European trip. Tutor going with English professor, wife, and grown daughter. Velma Rae, 526 Abbot Road, East Lansing, Michigan.

MATURE WOMAN, fortyish, can keep house, cook; driver's license; reads well, companion housekeeper, country, town; references. Box 840-C.

TEMPO, aristocrat of the literary proletariat. Summer edition, 25c. 137 Pulteney Street, Geneva, New York.

HILLSIDE INN, Old Lyme, Conn., off the beaten path. Charming old house, 75 acre farm, excellent food. $3.00 per day with meals. Limited clientele. Write Estelle E. Mazer, Old Lyme, Conn.

SECRETARY, travel anywhere without salary, just traveling and living expenses in exchange for services. Californian. Best references. Box 841-C.

FOR SALE. $800 Cash, the Candy Department in a very smart shop in one of the loveliest of Southern California small towns. The shop is a cooperative affair; four departments—books, gifts, candy and afternoon tea. Sharing the overhead reduces expenses to a very low cost. An ideal investment and occupation for the right person. References required. Village Shop, 1014 Prospect St., La Jolla, California.

Double-Crostics: No. 226

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

						1-E	■	2-L	3-R	■	4-Q	5-U	6-H	7-Y	8-Z	9-X	■		
10-H	11-O	12-U	13-A	■	14-X	15-T	16-B	17-I	18-E	■	19-Z	20-Q	21-H	22-F	23-A	■	24-V		
25-W	26-B	■	27-K	28-Q	29-J	30-V	■	31-N	32-L	33-E	■	34-K	35-J	36-M	37-O	38-H	39-S		
40-Y	■	41-C	42-D	■	43-N	44-P	■	45-V	46-T	47-Y	48-J	■	49-S	50-Z	51-L	52-Y	53-Q		
54-O	55-X	56-U	57-K	58-J	■	59-O	60-C	61-B	62-R	■	63-I	64-L	■	65-B	66-Q	67-I	68-S		
69-K	70-Q	71-X	■	72-W	■	73-Y	74-V	75-E	76-H	77-L	78-Z	■	79-B	80-D	81-I	■	82-C		
83-O	84-N	85-E	86-W	87-Q	88-U	89-X	90-M	■	91-Z	92-Q	93-E	94-T	95-W	96-U	■	97-V	98-B		
99-D	100-F	■	101-G	102-T	103-P	104-B	■	105-N	106-F	107-I	108-J	■	109-C	110-D	■	111-F	112-V		
113-L	114-Q	■	115-C	116-B	117-D	■	118-W	119-C	120-F	121-D	■	122-Z	123-J	124-H	125-X	126-Z	127-L		
128-F	129-C	130-N	131-U	132-Y	■	133-Z	134-P	135-T	136-B	137-F	138-M	■	139-N	140-R	■	141-B	142-C		
143-I	■	144-U	145-X	146-O	147-C	148-W	■	149-I	■	150-X	151-L	152-M	153-Q	■	154-P	155-C	156-L		
157-B	■	158-Z	159-A	160-K	■	161-D	162-P	163-G	■	164-A	165-B	166-H	167-J	■	168-A	169-Y	■		
170-Z	171-Q	172-L	173-N	174-K	175-O	176-S	■	177-S	178-D	179-H	180-I	181-W							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Smallest mergansers.

B. Both divine and human.

C. Pertaining to poetic foot of a trochee and an iambus.

D. Wavy (Fr.).

E. Slatted panel (auto hood).

F. Attican city consecrated to Demeter.

G. Fiery (comp.).

H. Tempting, alluring.

I. Creator of the world.

J. Cross-grained.

K. Barren; exhausted.

L. Ornate.

M. Snakelike teleost fishes.

N. Surrounding.

O. Sets for loose-leaf notebooks.

P. King of Denmark (985-1014).

Q. Tedious.

R. Follower of Falstaff.

S. Cheerful, bright.

T. City in Nebraska.

U. Inside information (slang) (comp.).

V. Deepest within.

W. Scottish poet (1834-1882).

X. Not deserving.

Y. Valiant (now humorous).

Z. Excludes.

WORDS

A.	164	168	13	159	23								
B.	141	157	16	79	116	104	98	26	61	136	165	65	
C.	147	142	119	60	41	115	109	82	155	129			
D.	178	42	117	99	110	161	80	121					
E.	93	1	85	75	18	33							
F.	106	137	22	100	120	128	111						
G.	53	114	163	101	66	171							
H.	38	166	21	76	6	10	179	124					
I.	81	143	63	149	67	17	180	107					
J.	167	108	123	29	48	35	58						
K.	160	27	34	57	69	174							
L.	127	113	172	2	51	32	64	151	77	156			
M.	138	36	152	90									
N.	84	43	105	139	130	31	173						
O.	54	83	59	146	37	175	11						
P.	103	154	134	44	162								
Q.	20	70	153	92	28	4	87						
R.	140	3	62										
S.	177	49	39	68	176								
T.	46	135	94	15	102								
U.	12	5	144	96	88	56	131						
V.	74	24	30	112	45	97							
W.	86	148	72	118	181	25	95						
X.	89	125	150	55	9	14	145	71					
Y.	73	52	47	40	7	132	169						
Z.	8	19	91	122	126	50	158	133	78	170			

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WARM weather is good for thinking, or anyhow letting the brain-pan simmer. ☞About Voltaire, for instance. A dispatch (in the *World-Telegram*) from Pitts Sanborn says the Opera Comique in Paris has put on a musical comedy version of *Zadig* based on "the well-known story of Voltaire." ☞We should love to know whether that enchanting *conte* really is well-known? For many years Old Q. has cherished a secret idea of doing his own translation of it. In some respects we prefer it to *Candide,* which has had so much wider circulation. ☞We yipped for more books with a sense of humor and at once the desideration was satisfied: here's Ruth McKenney's *My Sister Eileen* which shows that the Irish still have it. ☞A visitor in our office, unfamiliar with trade argot, was alarmed by the headline in the Harcourt Brace News: "Panic Predicted on Publication of *My Sister Eileen.*" ☞One of the best definitions we have ever seen of Capital was Isabel Paterson's (in the *Herald-Tribune*): "Enterprise and the human relations it creates." ☞For instance, Goodspeed in Boston offers (for $150) a collection of 75 first editions of Henry James "in original cloth and wrappers as issued." We like to imagine someone retreating to an Adirondack cabin and spending the summer reading them and perpending. What a curious complex of human relativities could be engendered by that investment of $150. And what a magnificent case of jitters and pathics our Jacobite reader would have. ☞Looking in *Who's Who* (for something quite different) we noticed that Ernest Hemingway was 40 years old this week.

☞Some of the best writing done every summer is Ernest Poole's letters of appeal for the children of the Henry Street Settlement. Mr. Poole has done this fine job for years and we honor him for it. ☞Another unusual series of letters (which go out monthly to business men who have shown evidence of imagination) is *Voyages and Discoveries,* written by R. K. Leavitt, advertising consultant in Scarsdale, N. Y. We like Mr. Leavitt's remark that James Boswell should be added to the admen's roll of patron saints: "He was utterly faithful to the Product he advertised." ☞Princeton Univ. Press remarks with truth, "The biggest business in the United States is education." ☞Marjorie Candee, of the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, N. Y. C., says that the Institute's monthly bulletin will print a fine photo of the vanished *Tusitala* (full-sized ship) under sail; and proofs of same on heavy stock, suitable for framing, may be had at 20c each or 3 for 50c. These funds of course go to the benefit of seamen's charities. ☞Another entry in *Who's Who* which caught our eye is the autobiography of Stephen Spender, young English poet who has been heavily anthologized. "Failed in entrance to a public school, failed London Matric., failed to get an Oxford degree. Travelled for three years, mostly in Germany; became passionately opposed to Fascist forms of Government. Recreations: short walks, shorter swims, and occasional bad games of chess or rummy." ☞Some day we shall write a thesis on the passionate devotion to rummy shown by all British intellectuals.

☞The American Booksellers' Guild has just been organized "on the premise that those engaged in bookselling have a fundamental interest in the heritage now being threatened with extinction by a world alliance of fascist forces." The Guild proposes to "encourage the sale of books by liberal and progressive writers; . . . to acquaint the public with those devices, fraudulent and otherwise, by which anti-democratic literature is brought into the United States and distributed." The officers are Terence Holliday, president; Martin Kamin, executive secretary, and Barnet B. Ruder, treasurer.

☞We have to chuckle when we see our old friend *byrrh* (which we remember as a sort of mixture of red wine and quinine) the favorite apertif of the petty bourgeois in Normandy, now advertised as the very latest thing for the Park Avenue push. ☞Selden Rodman says many intelligent things about poetry in his introduction to *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry* (Random House) but we were sorry he referred to Don Marquis only as "one author" (p. 33) instead of mentioning him by name. There are a number of poems by Don that are just as "modern" as anything included. ☞One of the oddest things about poetry anthologists is how much they are at the mercy of the current fashion. Two very interesting younger poets are C. F. MacIntyre and Ruth Pitter; two interesting poets a little older were Don Marquis and Stella Benson; but you are unlikely to find them in anthologies. ☞In the motor ads in English papers we always get a grin at what they call "Muffled Pinking" (what we call *knocking*). We are strong for "modern" poetry, but it does have a lot of just that, Muffled Pinking.

☞Another paper read at the recent Education congress was "Letters of High-School Students" by H. Wayne Driggs of N. Y. U. For Professor Driggs' assistance we copy out some sociological passages from an authentic H.S. letter (from one girl to another) which we found dropped in the building after a high school commencement. It seems to philosophical old Q agreeable in vitality, moderate in intellectual coefficients, alert to prevailing usage, not devoid of the rudiments of feminine guile, and more important (to any genuine student of *moeurs)* than most international treaties or editorials in the highbrow magazines:—

"Thanks oodles for your letter. I didn't know that you typewrite. Swell! . . . Monday I finished my regents.

"I have become an absolute jitterbug recently. Did you go to the swing carnival at Randall's Island? I had the best time there that I've had in ages. My favorite songs are: *I've Been Saving Myself for You; I Hadn't Anyone Till You; Says My Heart; Don't Be That Way; I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart; At Your Beck and Call;* and just loads more. I had a hunky-dorry time. . . .

"One of the girls recently had a birthday and I gave her a surprize party. She sure was surprised! It was at her house so everything worked out swell. Sort of during and after the party I got a new boy friend so to speak. I'd always liked him a lot but that nite things just seemed to happen. P.S. He's a slick dancer! Boy!

"Now for your questions: Some of the boys drive. None of them drink and some of them smoke but not often. All of them are good dancers.

"Recently in the movies I have seen: *Test Pilot.* It was good. *Crime School.* That was marvie! *Girl of the Golden West.* Pretty lousy. *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.* Very funny.

"Mother and Daddy went to ——— and were gone over the weekend. Boy! Did I raise cain! I have loads of fun with the girls around here and so they all came up and we drank gobs of coca cola and just sat around.

"Bring your year-book, shorts, tennis racket, a dress, and sneaks. Don't bring much stuff. Loads of love."

☞"The complete aesthetic experience," says Rostrevor Hamilton in *Poetry and Contemplation: A New Preface to Poetics* (Macmillan), "is one of contemplation, in which we are not distracted towards the practical or towards the speculative. . . . In the consummation of such experience the object we contemplate is nothing but the present riches of our consciousness." ☞Which is exactly the way Old Q. feels on a warm evening in his resinous cabin in the woods, happy in an inefficient drowse, loth to apply himself to Marts and Traffic. ☞If he had a copy of Mrs. Rinehart's new mystery now would be the time for it; but he has read all the detective stories available without very fierce enthusiasm and has had to recline on that terrible old boloney *Bulldog Drummond.* ☞Coming through Rahway on the P. R. R. he saw that Quinn & Boden are advertising a book they printed called *Some Still Live,* by F. G. Tinker, Jr.—is that a mystery? ☞Mr. Bill Hall, before he left recently to sell books in the Philippines and Japan, allowed us to take from his shelves an old volume of a Garden City set *Masterpieces of Mystery.* In this we found a yarn by William Archer, *My Fascinating Friend* which has an amusing bit about the *Saturday Review* (the old English one):—

"He used to say, 'Shakespeare we share with the Americans, but damn it, the *Saturday Review* is all our own.'"

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 225)

EDGAR A. POE: "TO CHARLES ANTHON."

I perceived that the whole energetic, busy spirit of the age tended wholly to magazine literature—to the curt, terse, well-timed, and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of the verbose, ponderous, and inaccessible.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE A GOOD TIME THIS SUMMER*

WITH THESE BOOKS

**AESTIVATE, as the boys at The Saturday Review of Literature would say.*

"It delights as it debunks . . entertaining from beginning to end." — N. Y. TIMES

ELIZABETH HAWES

has written a shocking, witty, delightful book that exposes every angle of the world of women's clothes.

FASHION IS SPINACH

"A rare and entertaining story of the dress business by Manhattan's No. 1 dress designer, petite, smart, feline Elizabeth Hawes."—*Time Magazine*
"Bristles with amusement."—N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

"Required reading for every woman who ever wore a dress—and for every man who pays the bills."—*Cincinnati Times*

RANDOM HOUSE

6TH PRINTING!

$2.75

THIS UNFORGETTABLE book had an advance sale of less than 600 copies . . . Last week, four months after publication, it sold 1400 copies, and appeared on national best seller lists for the first time! . . . The story of a great scientist — 100% Aryan — who defied Hitler. . . .

SAVAGE SYMPHONY

by EVA LIPS

Introduction by DOROTHY THOMPSON

$3. A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

The most comprehensive collection of modern poetry ever published

A New Anthology of Modern Poetry

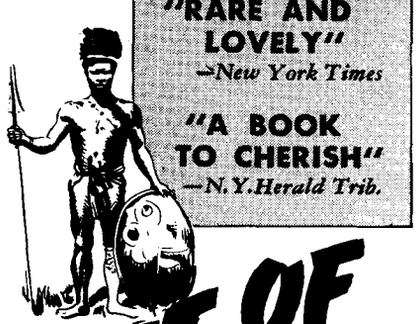
Edited, and with an introduction by SELDEN RODMAN, *including representative poems by*

ROBINSON JEFFERS • T S. ELIOT • EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY • JAMES JOYCE • STEPHEN SPENDER • W H. AUDEN • D. H. LAWRENCE ROBERT FROST • HART CRANE • DOROTHY PARKER • CARL SANDBURG • C. DAY LEWIS ARCHIBALD MACLEISH • STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT • JOHN MASEFIELD • ELINOR WYLIE A. E. HOUSMAN • AMY LOWELL • WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS • HORACE GREGORY • EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON • WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT E. E. CUMMINGS • WILFRED OWEN • MURIEL RUKEYSER • LOUIS MACNEICE • WALLACE STEVENS • AND OTHERS

A treasure-house of modern masterpieces for every lover of poetry — the cream of 19th and 20th Century verse in England and America.

At all bookstores, $3.00

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK



"RARE AND LOVELY" —*New York Times*

"A BOOK TO CHERISH" —*N. Y. Herald Trib.*

OUT OF AFRICA

BY ISAK DINESEN

The story of an African farm, by the author of "Seven Gothic Tales."

5th printing, $2.75

A Random House Book

A new approach to economics!

HARRY SCHERMAN'S

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY

BERNARD M. BARUCH says: "I have never seen such an interesting analysis of our complex economic and political system. *No one, in any walk of life, should allow himself to miss this book.*"

55TH THOUSAND!

$3.00, RANDOM HOUSE

What REALLY happens to a girl secretary in Hollywood-

It's even madder and funnier than you (or she) ever dreamed!

I Lost My Girlish Laughter

BY JANE ALLEN

3rd printing, $2.00

RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AESTIVATE*

WITH THESE BOOKS

**The famous and too rarely used verb meaning:*
Have a good time in the summer.

Clifton Fadiman:

"PRACTICALLY perfect. The most satisfying first novel I have read since 1935."

Herschel Brickell:

"TAKES you into the strange world of dance orchestras to which it gives complete and convincing reality."

Third large printing. $2.50

Young Man with a Horn

By DOROTHY BAKER

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

FANNY KEMBLE

A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN

by Margaret Armstrong

"It was almost impossible **not** to read it aloud!"

"The story of a woman's heart—and of an epoch!"

"A great name becomes a reality endeared!"

$3.00

MACMILLAN

These little people are on their way to Maine

In their valises are two tooth brushes, two bathing suits, and two copies of ASSIGNMENT DOWN EAST. They can hardly wait to get there, because all their friends who have read it say that ASSIGNMENT DOWN EAST is the very best Maine book of the season. *Stephen Daye Press*, they say, certainly knows its New England, and will send a catalogue to those who like their New England books both attractive and readable. Write Brattleboro, Vermont.

Morley's Magnum

By Christopher Morley

Six of Morley's best books—now ALL IN ONE! Says the *New York Times:* "A perfect book for holiday consumption." Says the *Chicago Journal of Commerce:* "As near as any present day writer comes to being an enduring personality, Morley may be called a classic." The books included are SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN, REHEARSAL, THE ROMANY STAIN, CHIMNEYSMOKE, MANDARIN IN MANHATTAN and HASTA LA VISTA. *At all bookstores.* $2.50

Living Abroad

By Norval Richardson

You'll get a delightful treat from these myriad, mirthful adventures of an American family on the continent. The author, long in the Diplomatic Service, tells, in a lively, entertaining manner, all about foreign house-hunting, gardening, sight-seeing, dealing with shopkeepers, neighbors and servants. A "million dollars" worth of information and fun for only $2.50. *At all bookstores.*

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

From a Paris Scrapbook

***By* Richard Le Gallienne**

Introduction by Wm. Rose Benét

"A volume which every traveler to Paris ought to read . . . rich and varied and always beguiling."
—*New York Times.* $2.50

Daughter of the Eagle

***By* Nexhmie Zaimi**

Life-story of an Albanian girl. "Eloquence not readily forgotten . . . a glowing portrait of an ancient people."—Louis Adamic in *The Saturday Review.* $2.50

IVES WASHBURN, INC.
NEW YORK

For lovers of high romance and stirring adventure

The Dark Rose

***By* Maurice Walsh**

Today's problems will drift far away from the reader of this romance about an Irish invasion of Scotland 300 years ago. "A fine swashbuckling tale. One of the best Maurice Walsh has given us."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

Woman on Horseback

***By* William E. Barrett**

This remarkable biography of a dictator and his mistress (Lopez of Paraguay and Eliza Lynch) stands alone among the books of this season for its unanimously enthusiastic press. Fascinating and thrilling as a novel, at the same time it retains the integrity demanded by strict historians. $3.00

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED